return to New York that Kathleen became engaged to Alonzo Lispenard. The betrothal was still a relative novelty. Mrs. Kennaird had been delighted by it. She affirmed it far better than having a cripple for a husband, even though he might have made his wife Lady Egbert Poindexter. Now at last to this fatigued struggler would come the blessed release of repose. Not the repose of rest, however. Margaretta Kennaird was of the kind whose most peaceful hours are spent in the bustle of ballrooms, and for whom there can be no more distracting mental turmoil than simply staying at home?

The remark which we have heard regarding the richness of Kathleen's costume worn at her lover's little banquet in her honor contained an undeserved sneer. Mrs. Kennaird had gone rather deeply into debt since the engagement, but she had not borrowed a dollar of Alonzo. Her course, however, had worried Kathleen not a little, and it was with reference to that same sable-trimmed garment that the girl had said:

"Mamma, what is the use of such splendor? Everybody knows we can't afford it."

"My dear," was the reply, "nobody knows very much about us financially. I read in the 'society column' of some paper the other day that my late husband had left me only $7,000 a year. I couldn't help wishing he'd left me one. But I'd just as lief have it thought that I possessed $10,000. If you can't be comfortably well off the next best thing is to appear so."

"I don't agree with you; I think just the opposite," protested Kathleen. "Besides, mamma, there's but one way that these bills can be paid——"

"Certainly, there is but one way, dear. You will pay them after you're Mrs. Lispenard."

"But it isn't nice——"

"To mention the matter now? Very true, it isn't. But you brought it up, my child. I've always insisted that taste and silence are twin sisters, and that our salvation largely depends on the things we do not say."

This evening, after they had reached home, Mrs Kennaird's humor was notably bland. The event of the afternoon had put, as it were, a final filigree on the structure of her attainments. Her future spread deliciously halcyon. Still, during dinner, and throughout the remainder of the evening, she had much to say concerning the Chicester suicide, and her words were blended with hints of worriment that came and fled along the current of her speech like lights and shades along a lapse of meadow.

"We might have gone to the Ogstons, after all," she said to Kathleen at desert. It's only a small affair, and the Patriarch's ball may quite spoil it; but then the Ogstons are so select. They have no real right to their extremely lofty position, it's true, but—"

"Don't you recollect, mamma?" Kathleen broke in. "We thought it best not to go everywhere nowadays on account of rumpling good gowns for larger entertainments. Now, don't change your mind at the last moment; please don't. I've an interesting book, and I'd intended passing a quiet evening with it."

"Then Alonzo isn't coming at all tonight?"

"I think he will not come," replied Kathleen, who at the same time hoped he would come, yet did not presume to prophesy.

Alonzo, as it turned out, remained absent. Kathleen forgave him, knowing what an excuse he had for staying away. Yet she passed an evening of suspense that was ended by disappointment.

She slept ill that night, and rose so late that when she appeared at breakfast her mother had completed the meal and met her with a half-crumpled morning paper in one hand, while the other employed itself in little agitated waves. "There are dreadful things printed about the suicide of Mr. Chichester," Mrs. Kennaird announced. "Oh, perfectly dreadful things! It can't be true though that he has ruined the firm before blowing his brains out!"

"No, no," faltered Kathleen, as she seated herself at the breakfast table. "Alonzo will will be here this morning, I'm sure, and tell us the real facts."

He came, but not till late that afternoon. He had been with his uncle until quite late on the previous evening, and he had spent all the earlier part of his day at the bank.

"Ruin, ruin, or something almost as horrible," rang through his brain as he stood at Kathleen's doorstep. He was silently quoting the words of his uncle, uttered just before they parted.

Kathleen received him alone. "I'm so glad your mother isn't here," he began, as they sank beside one another on a sofa. "I've a great deal to tell you."

And he made clear what he had to tell. It was terrible tidings. The Lispenard wealth had been wildly squandered. "I'm a poor man," Alonzo at length finished. As he thus spoke he caught Kathleen's hand, and instead of pressing it waited for her to do so. The clasp came, but more faintly than he had expected.

"Kathleen!" he exclaimed, and withdrew his hand entirely from hers. "Lonz! Lonz!" she said, and looked at him with wistful eyes that a threat of tearful storm seemed darkening.

Just then Mrs. Kennaird entered. She had been listening, but by no means had caught all that Alonzo had spoken. His voice had been too low, in the first place, and in the second she had used an overplus of caution.

Alonzo gave her a somewhat flurried greeting and slipped from the apartment within the next few minutes, promising Kathleen that he would come back that evening.

But it was five good days before he came back. During this time he wrote his sweetheart several eager and soulful letters, in more than one of which he offered to release her from all bonds of betrothal. Repeatedly Kathleen replied that she would not consent to be released. During those days the very worst became patent to Alonzo. A mere wreck was left to his sister and himself of their former splendid patrimony. The young man was surprised by his own calmness. He arranged in the most quiet way for a sale of all his possessions; he held more than one very painful interview with his sister at his own residence; he discharged his servants and engaged a small suite of rooms, placing a bill upon his house in Gramercy Park. His many costly art treasures he offered to an auctioneer on condition of their immediate sale. He amazed everybody who observed him by his coolness and serenity. And all the while his heart was strained by a wretched suspicion of Kathleen. Not that he thoroughly doubted her, but there had been a nameless dread born of that last meeting—a dread which her letters did not dissipate, for he seemed to read between their lines, and as he thus read, a voice vaguely cried to him—"It is not she! It is not the woman you so trusted! Something that you believed would leap from her and breathe itself to you, burning, living, unmistakably has not shown itself."

And yet he might be wronging her so sternly! What if his dear and faithful friend, Philip Lexington, would go to her and hold a little talk with her, and tell him afterward whether he was a madly self-conscious fool or whether there had really been good cause for his doubts?

Alonzo felt his heart warm toward Philip Lexington as he thought these thoughts. "Dear Philip!" ran his musings. "He will come to me on the instant and seek to aid me all he can."

Lexington obeyed the summons. He looked as handsome as ever and listened with his usual gracious calm to all that Alonzo said.

When his turn came to reply, however, Lexington shifted his legs uneasily and posed a little sideways his dark, shapely head.

"I don't a bit want to sound Miss Kinnaird on this question," he softly declared. "I'd ever so much rather be excused. Frankly, I would."

Alonzo stared at him and then dropped his eyes. "Oh, you prefer not to serve me? All right."

"Why put it like that?" came the reply. "I'd serve you, if I could, in some other manner. I——"

"Don't think of some other manner," Alonzo broke in, with his voice keen and cold. "This little favor tests your friendship, I think."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lexington, "you can't mean that!" And as he spoke there rang to the hearer a chilling difference of intonation from all others that he had ever heard leave his friend's lips.

"I do mean it," averred Alonzo. "You know just what trouble has come to me."

"Yes. It's too bad. It's really horrid, you know."

"I've lost my fortune, Philip. I'm a poor man."

"Yes. I'm awfully sorry for you."

"Thanks for your sympathy."

Lexington began to curl his full, dark moustache by slipping a thumb under one of its ending curves and a forefinger precisely above the thumb. Then, while completing a little airy twist of the grasped hairs, he replied: 'Look here, my boy; you're devilishly sensitive, I should say."

"Right, Philip. I am sensitive. Haven't I reason to be? Now is the time that what friends I've had should stand by me. I never thought I had many real friends; I hardly believed, for that matter, that I had any at all. But I did count on you. And this thing I have asked you to do is such a small thing."

Philip Lexington rose now with a weary sneer on his finely-chiselled face.

"A small thing," he broke forth, mockingly. "What, pray? I go and ask a girl who engaged herself to you because you had lots of money whether she will have you now you've lost nearly everything? Can't you see beforehand what her answer will be? If you've fancied there was anything in her deportment the last time you met her, can't you—?"

"Stop there," said Alonzo. He had risen, too, and though he preserved much composure, an abrupt wave of the hand bespoke excitement. "I—I deny that Kathleen Kennaird ever engaged herself to me because, as you put it, I had lots of money."

"Then you're wrong," said Lexington, gazing down at his well varnished boots. "You're"—with another twirl of the moustache—"dead wrong I assure you."

Alonzo gnawed his lips. "Phil," he cried, "what are you saying?"

"Only the truth!"

"The truth!"

"Yes—yes."

"But you must be mad to state that Kathleen—Oh, no, no, no, Phil."

Alonzo had caught his friend by either shoulder and was plunging a penetrant look into his eyes. The latter, with a coldness unexpected, yet distinct, answered, while Alonzo withdrew from him:—

"It's so; you ought to know life. You're old enough."

"Philip: Philip:" broke from Alonzo. "I'm so sorry I asked you to go to her. But you're my friend still? It isn't my lost money that you're thinking of? No, no, Phil, not you—not you."

"Don't be tiresome!"

Lexington might have said volumes and yet not have expressed a more pungent little series of words than those three.

"I'll try not to be tiresome," came Alonzo's answer, as if between shut teeth. "It's quite clear to me, Philip, that my request bores you."

"Well," returned Philip, doggedly after a slight silence, "it does."

"It wouldn't have done so a short time ago."

"I don't understand."

"Don't you? I do."

"You seem angry at me," muttered Philip, "and for no reason."

"For no reason."

"None that I can see. A short while ago? You mean, then?"

"Oh, I mean what I mean, Philip. There's hardly any favor that you'd have refused me a short while ago. Now, you find me of no importance. I've lost my money, and I'm not worth cultivating."

Lexington flushed hotly, and then tossed head. "Isn't that rather uncivil of you?" he frowned.

"Yes, if you choose. But the incivility of raw truth has sometimes a certain refreshing refinement."

"I don't grasp your paradoxes. You always excelled in them, however."

Alonzo had grown very pale. "Let it all rest there, then, Philip," he said. "You've disappointed me, horribly. Good by." And he turned on his heel with a dismissal at once quiet and imperious.

Lexington walked to a door and seized its knob. "Oh, just as you please," he said sullenly. "You keep up your pride, but I'm afraid it won't serve you as well as you think. With regard to the money I owe you, since we've both been mentioning money so——so broadly, I'll do my best."

But here Alonzo shot out these ringing words:

"I don't want a dime from you, and I'll only be too glad if you'll consider that debt cancelled, so to speak, by the cessation of our acquaintance."

Across another threshold Alonzo swiftly quitted the room. No sooner was he alone, however, than he reproached himself for undue severity. And yet he did not regret having broken with this man. It was mercilessly patent to him that Lexington had been the most time-serving of friends. A kind of clairvoyance had told him this, by flashes at once intuitive and acute. Hundreds of other men placed like himself, might have meant as much as he and said a great deal less. But Alonzo had rarely dealt in self restraints. Those who liked him best liked him because of such candors; those who liked him least did so because his free speech, his wearing the heart on the sleeve, repelled them from the point of view of taste, if from none other. And these latter critics would have been just the ones to denounce his openness with Lexington as vulgar, however much they disapproved the conduct of Lexington himself. They were already supplied with many instances of his previous harum-scarum deportment. They would have told you that he lacked gentility to almost the verge of grossness, and that "his being such a good fellow at heart" was merely the shallow excuse made for him by a spirit of faithful indulgence.

But perhaps if they could have seen him seated in solitude long after Lexington had left him forever, and have marked the twitching of his lips, the moisture that glistened in his honest eyes, the occasional clinching of his hands or nervous tapping of his feet against the floor, they might have been touched by a form of human sorrow which ranks with the most piteous we are ever called upon to undergo. For Alonzo had meant generously, kindly, even nobly toward his world, and was now being confronted with its hollowness and hardness. But yesterday people had smiled on him who to-day scarcely chose to veil their indifference. He had referred with cynical phrase to his own position as a favorite. But he had never really believed his own bitter allusions, for his nature was too replete with warm good-will toward his fellows. And now this fine and wholesome loving kindness in him was being taught the sternest of disillusioning lessons. "I may have doubted many of them," he told himself, "but at least I firmly trusted Phil. Well, well, what I asked him to do was perhaps better left undone. At least I can do it more capably than he. I need no emissary. I'll go to her myself and face the worst."

He went that same evening. He did not ask for Mrs. Kennaird, but that lady chose to receive him. He instantly saw that her demeanor was formal, and even a trifle austere.

"I am so sorry that poor Kathleen has a horrid headache this evening," she soon said, "and is lying down. Pray accept me, will you not, as her substitute?" Alonzo was quietly desperate. He looked the speaker straight in the eyes as he answered, feeling that the air bristled with coming discord: "My dear Mrs. Kennaird, you are the most charming of persons, if you will permit me to frame such a common place. But I must be frank and inform you that for Kathleen there can be, to my thinking, no possible substitute."

He watched her eyelids quiver a little, and her large form slightly stiffen. "But you will show mercy to my poor child's headache," "You will be good enough, on that account, I am sure, to make the best of me under the circumstances."

Alonzo gave his head a short negative shake. "I can't. I want Kathleen, headache and all."

"Oh, but you're presumptuous."

"That's just what you force me to become."

"Not at all."

"Then allow Kathleen to appear."

"She is too much indisposed—as I told you."

"I would like to learn that, if you please, from her own lips."

"Bless me," said Mrs. Kennaird lifting her shoulders for a moment and putting up her glasses. You're ruder than I thought you knew how to be."

"Say more decided. And I'm compelled to add this: If Kathleen is forbidden me I neither can nor shall accept you as her proxy."

"No," replied his hostess, with hardening face. "But suppose my daughter desires just that arrangement?"

"She does not desire it."

"You speak with a delightful confidence, really."

"Oh, madam, let us end this!" cried Alonzo, feeling himself grow pale. "If you attempt to keep Kathleen from seeing me your effort can only produce transient results."

Mrs. Kennaird threw back her head a little, as though on the verge of a scornful laugh. But either she checked herself or something in the visitor's look checked her. Like a flash her whole visage changed. Not that it became softer, but that it surely lost in expression both subtlety and restraint.

"My dear young gentleman," she said, "I'm very sorry for you, because I've always liked you. But the truth may as well be told without another instant of delay. Your engagement to my child must cease, and you know why?"

"So, then, it's open war," murmured Alonzo. "I prefer that."

"It isn't war at all. It's worldliness, any bad name you're bent on calling it."

"I'll call it the same spirit, then, that made you try to entrap into a marriage with her that crippled young English lord."

He had hit, and with poignant thrust, the heart of a wound that had never healed. She frowned, and the color left her tightening lips. While she stared at him he went on:

"Oh, Kathleen has told me! But she never knew what love meant then, and that was why she was such wax in your hands. It's altered with her now; your rule isn't what it once was. If it had been you'd have kept her from writing me those letters. I've offered to release her, but she has refused. The terms of her refusal have seemed to carry with them a certain tang of yourself. Perhaps I've judged her wrongly."

Now he rose and went toward a door which led into the other apartments of this limited flat. He caught with one hand the curtain draped across this door and drew it slightly aside. "It's not your opposition I fear; it's the thought that she may be influenced by it. I know you've done all you could to dissuade her. But she must come to me scorning (yes, that's the word—scorning!) such odious arguments as you've doubtless addressed to her, or she shall not come at all."

At this point he drew the little curtain still further aside, and, knowing that his voice needed only to be raised a key or so above the ordinary to make it reach the furthest room of the suite, he called with clear accents:

"Kathleen! Kathleen! I am here and wish to speak with you. Will you not come to me for at least a few moments?"

An exasperated cry broke from Mrs. Kinnaird, who had now gained her feet.

"You're insolent," she cried. "You're outrageous! I told you my daughter was ill. And now, sir, I command you to leave these apartments."

But Alonzo scarcely heard this voice, for another, faint, sob-broken, and somewhat distant had fallen on his ears. He still held the curtain sideways when Mrs. Kennaird sprang toward him and tried to wrest it from his grasp.

"Do you call yourself a gentleman?" she gasped, as he thwarted her attempt.

"Do you call yourself a mother?" he replied. And then Kathleen glided quickly through the open doorway, pale and trembling, though quite tearless.

Alonzo at once receded. From that instant his mien and voice became judicial in the calm. It was he who broke silence, after the trio had thus met.

"Tell me," were his first words to Kathleen, "why, when I came here, did you permit your mother to meet meet me in your place?"

Kathleen, with compressed lips, remained speechless.

"Tell me," Alonza repeated.

The girl shot a look at her mother.

"This man has behaved like a ruffian," now rang from Mrs. Kennaird. "Go back to your room, my dear, and show him that you will not see me insulted."

But Kathleen had now turned her gaze upon her lover.

"Mamma wished to meet you before I did," she said. "I had not expected you. Your coming unnerved me a little, and so—I——"

She drooped her eyes as that last sentence faltered feebly into silence. Alonzo took two or three swift steps toward her, and then paused.

"What purpose could be served," he questioned, "by your mother meeting me first?"

"None—none," she stammered.

"Are you not my promised wife? Is it not settled that we shall shortly marry? Have I not offered to break our betrothal, and have not you——?"

"I've insisted that it should be kept." And she stretched out both hands to his.

He advanced and caught them in both his own.

"I will believe you!" he cried. "I will believe that you never once swerved from me. It's all that evil genius of yours—that deplorable mother."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Kennaird, in severe reproach to her daughter, "can you be willing, Kathleen, to let me suffer such indignity?"

"Your mother has just told me, Kathleen," hurried Alonzo, while he still clasped the girl's hands, "that our engagement must cease."

"Yes, those were my words, dear," panted Mrs. Kennaird, "I don't deny them. You've heard me say them to yourself quite often of late."

"Too often, mamma," came the answer. "And I've always begged you not to try and move me, but you would keep on trying, and it has done no good." She let her beautiful crystal eyes caress his face now as she turned to Alonzo.

"You'll make this sacrifice, Kathleen?" hotly demanded her mother. "You'll marry a ruined man—you, with your ideas, your ambitions?"

"Yes, yes, mamma."

"I don't want you to look on it as a sacrifice," protested Alonzo, with lips leaned close to her cheek. "And have you such grand ideas, ambitions? If this be true, why, perhaps then, as I wrote you, it's better to—"

"No, no," she interrupted him, and snatched her hands from his only that she might throw both arms about his neck. And now, half whispering in his ear, she said what served for him as an ugly counter stroke to the pang of happiness just dealt him.

"When I see you, Lonz, I'm so strong! All doubts of our future vanish. I can't help, you know, being her daughter. There are times—I've told you of them—when she seems to govern me against my will. And then she's my mother, and I love her. If I'm disappointed—if I'm fearful of just how I shall be able to bear it all—if moments come to me when, as your letters hinted, I feel that our life together may have lost something of—of the expected savor and ease and gracefulness my fancy clothed it with; be lenient, be forgiving. Will you not, for my sake?"

He withdrew himself from her, and at once said, with tones that bore no trace of concealment:

"To me, Kathleen, our life together would now be even happier than before. And if those moments do come to you at this early period, what may not occur when you're the wife of a poor man?—a man who means to work instead of idling, and can give you simply his homespun devotion instead of that other luxurious existence you foresaw and counted on?"

"Everything horrid and forlorn may happen in the case you've pointed out!" exclaimed Mrs. Kennaird. "If Kathleen marries you she will make you the worst of wives!"

Alonzo had for a brief while forgotten the very presence of that lady who had just declared it with such emphasis.

"Oh, it's you again!" he said, and his countenance grew one cloud of disgust. "For God's sake cease your persecutions of this poor girl, whose greatest misfortune is the fact of her being your child!"

"For shame!" broke from Kathleen. "What you say is false!" And at once she moved toward her mother, who swept an arm about her waist with a glad cry.

"Only a few minutes ago, my darling," Mrs. Kennaird now eagerly said, "he had the insolence to tell me that unless you treated me with scorn—scorn, mind you, my dear!—he would give you up!"

Kathleen flushed, and curled her lip. "If he wants me to hate you," she said, "he will find himself woefully in error!"

"I don't ask anything so unnatural," here struck in Alonzo, "as that you should hate your mother. But I demand of you that you shall both hate and despise her views of living. I know something of her past life; I've taken pains to inquire. She is one of those women who go about the world making themselves firm and sworn foes of the sanctity of marriage.

"Hear him!" said Mrs. Kennaird to her daughter. "And you'll stand this? You'll marry the man who can so slander your mother?"

"Truth and slander live miles apart," said Alonzo. "Kathleen," he went on, with his entire mein racked by agitation, "if you come to me at all you must come with no mere worldly regrets."

"You 'must come'! Listen — listen!" mocked Mrs. Kennaird, while she drew the girl closer to her breast. "Was there ever such an autocrat? He's repulsed you once, my dear; will you let him do so again? Where is your womanly spirit?"

"It's here," said Kathleen, drawing herself up and touching her bosom with one hand and giving Alonzo the haughtiest look he had ever seen bred in those limpid eyes. "There's an end of everything between you and me," she went on. "I hope I may never see you again; but if we should meet, be sure I'll never speak to you. Come, mamma."

The two women left the room together, and each gave him a glance across her shoulder. Mrs. Kennaird's, which was one of disdainful triumph, he did not see; but Kathleen's, which brimmed equally with anger and melancholy, haunted him through many a future day.

[To be Continued next Sunday.]

THE CLEARING HOUSE RETURNS.

One Reason Why Pittsburg Doesn't Get the Rank It Really Has.

In some cities business firms have printed in the left-hand top corner of their checks the sentence: "This check must be passed through the Clearing House," said a prominent business man to a reporter the other day. That means that if it had been paid to a neighboring house, banking close to the bank of issue, or even at the identical bank, the Clearing House formality must be gone through just as though it had been made payable to a firm 1,000 miles away. This really explains why some cities have such enormous bank clearing returns in proportion to the volume of business transacted, and why Pittsburg is so severely handicaped in the matter.

Here the Clearing House is only used when necessary for legitimate transaction of business, and checks representing tens of thousands of dollars daily never pass through it at all. If that little Clearing House condition were placed on every check printed for Pittsburg banks and its terms enforced, our clearing returns would increase 50, if not 100 per cent, as a matter of course.

WORMS IN THE FLOUR.

They Come and Afterwards Go In an Altogether Inexplicable Way.

Every miller in the United States would like to know where flour worms come from and how they manage to disappear, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. You take the best flour that ever came from a roller mill, set aside for a few weeks in an air tight barrel, then open the barrel, and the probability is that you will find in the flour a number of small worms about an eighth of an inch long. Head up the barrel and wait awhile longer and the worms will disappear.

Nobody knows how they got in, nobody can see where they got out, nor does their presence impair the quality of the flour. It is one of the mysteries of the business.

THE popularity of Salvation Oil is not astonishing when we hear of its many cures.

MILLIONS IN ORES.

The Untold Treasure in the Loins of the Porcupine Mountains

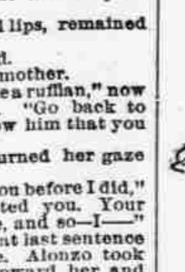
UPON WHICH PITTSBURG DRAWS.

The Matchless Norrie Mine That Produces a Million Tons a Year.

HOW THE IRON WAS DISCOVERED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Article No. 2.



FROM the deck of the steamer John Harper, seven or eight hours before we arrived at Ashland, Wis., a distant view of the Porcupine Mountains was obtained. Locked within their loins is that great magnetic iron ore bed which has added billions to the wealth of the nation. The range slopes off from the shore of Lake Superior to the southwest, so that the docks at Ashland lay from 30 to 40 miles north of the big ore mines of the Gogebic region.

THE AURORA IRON MINE.

Leaving the steamship at the docks, a train of empty ore cars carried me back to the mines. The region is sparsely settled. The Chippewa Indians have an extensive reservation not far back of Ashland, but they are poor and lazy, and make no attempt to advance in civilization. The country for the most part is an unbroken wilderness. There are no farms, and, save for a lumbering camp here and there, you seldom meet a white man. This is on the edge of that vast forest territory from which Wisconsin is still supplying the wood markets of the country.

A PARADISE FOR SPORTSMEN.

The scenery is rugged and picturesque. Deep ravines, bold mountain knobs, and almost impenetrable glades make it hard to believe that only an hour or two before you left the smooth, rolling beach of the greatest inland ocean. Here the hunter for elk may find a paradise in winter, and the fisherman glory in summer. In beautiful Lake Gogebic, in Tomahawk Lake, or in the Eagles' Waters, are abundance of the mighty muskallonge, the gamy bass, or brook trout.

In the midst of this untamed tract Pittsburg capital has seamed the earth for its treasure. Pittsburg iron manufacturers, together with syndicates in Ohio and Michigan, and the Illinois Steel Company, dumped their thousands into these woods as the mightiest pioneer. And, after riding through 35 miles of wilderness from Ashland, you suddenly come upon the fruits of that golden pioneering. The Montreal river is the State line dividing Wisconsin from Michigan, and on both sides have been opened up enormous iron mines. Thousands of laborers people these pits, and, though you do not see much of them above the surface, the huge piles of ore are the evidence of their living presence below.

TREASURE AT A TREE'S ROOT.

Just six years ago, when this Gogebic bed of ore was discovered, there was much excitement about it in Pittsburg. The man who claims to have made the discovery is at present living in Ashland. His name is Captain N. D. Wood. With other explorers he was traversing the fastness of the Porcupine Mountains, when he came upon a tree that had been uprooted by a storm. To its huge roots, lying upturned in the woods, was found a soft, red metallic substance. It was the valuable hematite ore. On that spot the famous Colby mine was opened shortly afterward. One of the photographs accompanying this article is of that mine.

In its first year, 1885, the shipments of ore from the Gogebic region aggregated 109,061 tons. Two years later the output reached 1,000,000 tons, and in 1890 it had swollen to the magnitude of 2,174,556 tons. Up to the present moment this wild stretch of territory, under the magic wand of King Iron, has yielded a round 10,000,000 tons of ore. Every ton is worth $7 at Pittsburg. The magnificent total of 10,000,000 tons multiplied by $7 conjures up the picture of a gold field quicker than a dirty iron range!

A MILLION TONS A YEAR.

At the head of the big producers in the Gogebic range is the matchless Norrie mine. She is discharging high grade Bessemer ore at the rate of 1,000,000 tons a year. The only other mine which can compare with this in the United States is the Chapin pit, in the Menominee range, Michigan, which sent in 1890 the aggregate of 669,192 tons. The other big producers are the Minnesota Iron Company mines and the Chandler mines, of the Vermillion range, in Minnesota; the Ashland, Pabst, Colby, Iron Belt, Aurora and Germania, of the Gogebic range; the Florence, Drummond, Iron River mines, of the Menominee range, and the Pittsburg and Lake Angeline, Champion, Superior and Cleveland mines of the Marquette range.

The two photographs show open mines. All the others in the Gogebic region now are closed pits reached by a shaft, just like the ordinary coal mines. Some of these shafts are 600 feet deep. Explosives are liberally used in loosening the ore, and then it is shoveled into deep iron buckets in which it is hoisted to the surface above. Great stock piles have accumulated around many of the pits, though the ore of the Norrie and other large producers being of the Bessemer class is quickly gobbled up.

WHAT THE NEEDLES TOLD.

But the above relates to the Gogebic range only. A party of Government engineers were surveying in the neighborhood of Negaunee, on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on September 19, 1844. They noticed that the needles of their compasses varied greatly. That set them to thinking, and after they emerged from the wilderness they reported that there must be iron ore up there in great quantities, at least they believed that was what disturbed the magnetic needles. An exploration was made in 1845 under the direction of P. M. Everett, who still lives at Marquette. The company back of him had been organized at Jackson, Mich., and the explorers were guided to the spot by an Indian named Manjekijik, who, it is alleged, was to have a thirty-second interest in the company for giving up his secret. A suit is still pending in the Supreme Court, brought by the heirs of this Indian, to secure this interest that was denied him.

Thus the first iron ore in the entire Lake Superior region was discovered. The Jackson mine was the pioneer mine, and it was afterward ascertained that it was located just about on the spot where the surveyors' needles had been observed to fluctuate. In those days, however, the means of mining were primitive, and the Government canal at Sault Ste. Marie had not yet been thought of, and Lake Superior

HAD NO NAVIGABLE CONNECTION

with the other lakes. But, even at that early date, iron was destined to lead the procession of commerce on the unsalted seas, and point the way for the opening of its path. The Jackson company got down to work in 1849, and in 1852 the United States Government and the government of Michigan combined took the first steps toward the construction of the canal which was to give Superior a navigable outlet southeast. In 1855 the first steamer was successfully locked through from Lake Superior to Lake Huron.

In my previous paper I made the statement that the sister steamships John Harper and Alex. Nimick would carry between them at one trip 5,000 tons of iron ore. Now, in 1855, the total iron ore shipments of the lakes were 1,457 tons, or less than the cargo of one of these boats. In 1856, they aggregated 11,597 tons; in 1857, 26,184 tons; in 1858, 30,327 tons; in 1859, 80,000 tons; in 1860, 150,000 tons. Why, the shipments of all those six years combined will not equal what iron ore the city of Pittsburg alone receives in one year now! But big ships only got at the Lake Superior ore piles in 1872, when the second and deeper canal at Sault Ste. Marie was completed.

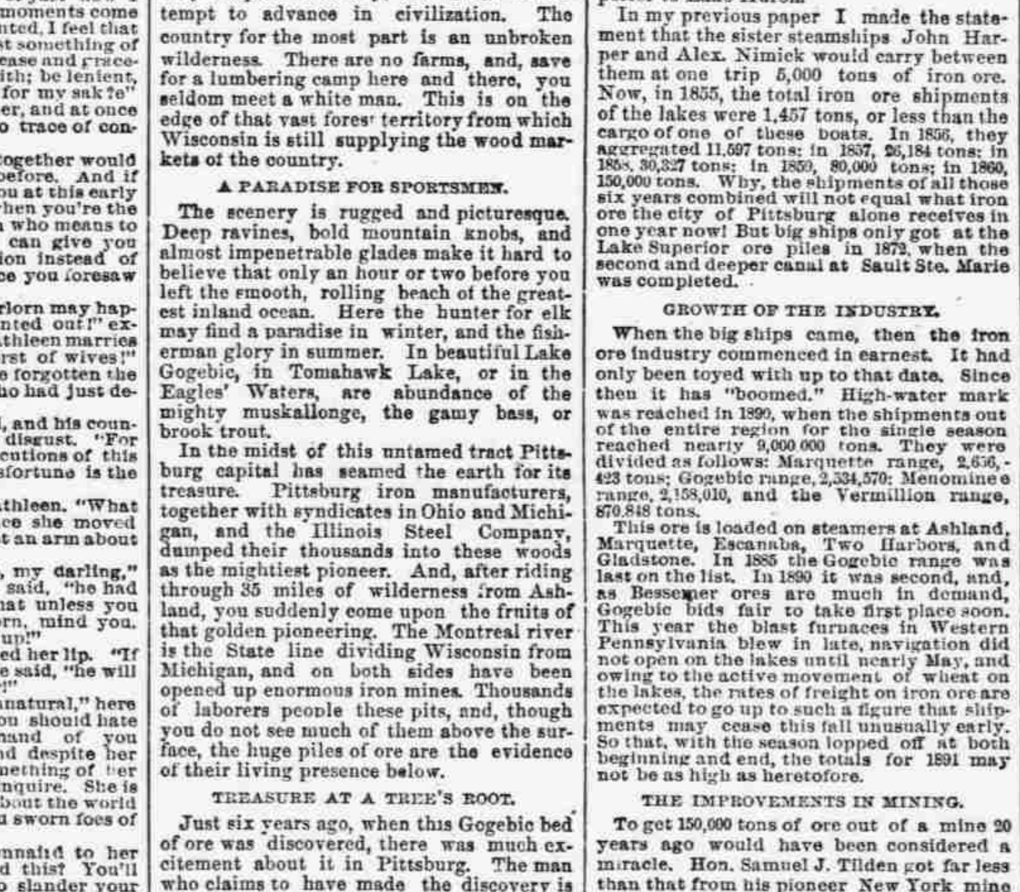
GROWTH OF THE INDUSTRY.

When the big ships came, then the iron ore industry commenced in earnest. It had only been toyed with up to that date. Since then it has "boomed." High-water mark was reached in 1890, when the shipments out of the entire region for the single season reached nearly 9,000,000 tons. They were divided as follows: Marquette range, 2,656,423 tons; Gogebic range, 2,334,570; Menominee range, 2,158,010, and the Vermillion range, 870,848 tons.

This ore is loaded on steamers at Ashland, Marquette, Escanaba, Two Harbors, and Gladstone. In 1885 the Gogebic range was last on the list. In 1890 it was second, and, as Bessemer ores are much in demand, Gogebic bids fair to take first place soon. This year the blast furnaces in Western Pennsylvania blew in late, navigation did not open on the lakes until nearly May, and owing to the active movement of wheat on the lakes, the rates of freight on iron ore are expected to go up to such a figure that shipments may cease this fall unusually early. So that, with the season lopped off at both beginning and end, the totals for 1891 may not be as high as heretofore.

THE IMPROVEMENTS IN MINING.

To get 150,000 tons of ore out of a mine 20 years ago would have been considered a miracle. Hon. Samuel J. Tilden got far less than that from his pioneer New York mine in the Marquette region. As the quickened pulse of the iron industry in Pennsylvania warned the lake carriers that they must get larger vessels and faster engines, so it also gave an impetus to mining genius and scientific invention. Methods were too primitive even in the day of Mr. Tilden's ventures in the Lake Superior region. Not over ten years ago it was thought quite impossible to put down a shaft through quicksand. Now that is done with comparative ease, and the other contrivances hauled into that Gogebic forest make it a pleasant task to lift 1,000,000 tons a year out of the Norrie pit.



OPEN PIT COLBY.

Here are a few examples of Lake Superior mining ingenuity: The deepest mines, and those that extend farthest away from the foot of the shaft, are lighted by electricity. The generators, of course are outside. An electric pumping plant was recently installed at the Hamilton mine. The pump, which is located 1,325 feet below the collar of the shaft, has a capacity of 100 gallons per minute. The generator is located away off in the electric light station of the Iron Mountain mine. But perhaps the greatest mechanical triumph among the miners will be the pumping out of the water of Lake Angeline in order to secure the deposit of ore known to exist beneath the bed of the Lake. The feat will be commenced shortly.

LOTS OF MONEY IN IT.

Does it pay? There can be no doubt about that. This is regarded as a year of more depression than usual in the ore business and yet I heard of two instances of big dividends. One was the Chandler mine, which showed earnings of $400,000 besides large acquisitions of new property. The other instance was the Minnesota Iron Company's 6 per cent dividend, equivalent to a distribution of $480,000.

But by this time the train of cars for Ashland docks has received its load, and I am called to jump aboard.

"Perhaps this does not look to you like much of a load," remarked Mr. M. Schrank, Superintendent of the docks. "It may surprise you to hear that each one of these cars contains 20 tons of ore, and there are 22 cars on the train. Now, if you were to see one locomotive hauling 22 other locomotives, none of which had any steam up, you would be very apt to say that was a remarkable load for one locomotive to pull. Well, the locomotive on this train is at this moment hauling a heavier load than 22 dead locomotives. That is what this long string of cars amounts to, sir." L. E. STOFIEL.

FIRST OF THE LAWS.

The Savior's Answer to the Lawyer Who Headed the Pharisees.

MORALITY ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH.

A Reciprocity of the Divine Love Is the Great Commandment.

THEOLOGY DIFFERS FROM RELIGION

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

We are all clients of the lawyer who came to Christ with that deep question: "Which is the great commandment in the law?" He represents us when he asks that. We all want to know that.

It is true that the lawyer asked the question, according to his legal habit, not for his own information, but, as we would say, for the information of the jury. The jury was the crowd of citizens and countrymen who were gathered about the Master in the temple. Some were on His side, some were against Him. There was a great discussion going on about Him. The Saducees had had their turn at questioning Him, thinking to bring discredit upon His teachings, and His wisdom had put them to silence. And now came the Pharisees with the lawyer at their head, "tempting" Him, the record tells us, that is putting Him to test, setting Him on trial, trying to catch Him in His answers. There was no religion in the question of the lawyer. Here was no eager disciple running to the Master, demanding what he should do to inherit eternal life. There was no thought of discipleship in the lawyer's heart.

THE RELIGION IN DOCTRINE.

There is always this possibility of wide distance between theology and religion. The discussion of doctrine, the determination of duty, may be no more religious than the transactions of the Stock Exchange. The distinction between the sacred and the secular does not depend on the subjects that men talk about, or on the profession and position of the debaters. An election is not made sacred by the fact that the people are voting for a bishop, nor is it made secular by the fact that the people are voting for a Congressman. A good many political speeches have been really more religious than many sermons. We must not think that people are religious—either ourselves or others—because they talk a great deal about religion. They may be just as much opposed to that which is best in religion as this questioning lawyer.

The difference between the sacred and the secular is altogether a difference of spirit. That is what God looks at and cares for. We read that one day at the Feast of Pentecost the Holy Spirit passed by the splendid temple altogether and overlooked the High Priest in his gorgeous vestments, and chose rather to visit a common house somewhere in the city, just an ordinary house, with a flat roof and a courtyard, and a pair of stairs on the outside like a thousand others, and to grant His special benediction to a company of common people there assembled in their working clothes. It is the heart that makes men worthy or unworthy in the sight of God, and not the pious lips.

THE LAWYER'S INTEREST IN IT.

This is a significant figure, this lawyer standing in Christ's presence, looking straight into His face, questioning Him, listening with respectful attention to His answer and having within him not one smallest trace of the faintest purpose to follow what the Master said. At the best, he had an intellectual interest in Christianity, nothing more.

There was a gambler in New York, who got into the newspapers the other day, who, it seems, had for years attended a Christian service every Sunday. He never knelt down, he said, nor answered "Amen" to any of the prayers. He had never joined the church, nor had he ever made any difference in his evil living. He said that he went to that church because he liked the preacher; he considered him the finest preacher in the city of New York! There are people not so bad as that in all the churches. They show an interest in religion by their constant presence, as this lawyer showed his interest by his presence and his question. And they listen, like the lawyer, to all the praying and the preaching. And then they go away, a hundred times a year, and one year after another, and never make a change in their living, never get any closer than they were at the beginning to Christian discipleship. At least, so far as we can see. Nobody knows what God sees.

ALL ARE HONESTLY DISCONTENTED.

And yet there times in every life when the lawyer's question is asked in earnest, not as the lawyer asked it. The "great commandment," what is it but the Divine ideal of that which is the first and chief essential in human character? When we learn it we know what God cares the most for in the temper and disposition of His children. We discover what our heavenly Father most of all desires to see in us. And we all want to discover that. That is the discovery of discoveries. For we are all of us honestly discontented. The better we are the less are we satisfied with ourselves. Not one of us but has some sort of vision of a higher life, and is aware of the distance between that vision and the every day reality. We know what kind of men and women we would like to be.

But our ideal changes. Sometimes it is but a low achievement that we find ourselves striving after. We think that money may perhaps content us; we will be satisfied if we can but gain some sort of worldly prize. It is evident enough that some people seem to have no higher ambition than this. They bend all things this way. They appear to be willing any day to trade a heavenly mansion for a good storehouse on a salable corner. On the other hand, in proportion as men and women keep the will of God, so their ideal of right living is more and more uplifted. Character is seen to be the richest of all treasures.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE STANDARD.

Now what we want, with our ideals going up and down like the mercury in a thermometer according as our zeal is hot or cold, is to know what the standard is. We want something to measure by. And we do not need anybody to teach us that the one accurate judge of human life is He who set human life agoing in this world. That alone is best which is accounted best by God. And so we come in good earnest to the lawyer's question.

When we are honest with ourselves, when we stand up and look out into the interminable sky, when we contemplate the certain end of this life and the inevitable beginning of another and realize that in spite of all the noise and jostle of the busy day we are still alone with God, and must give account of ourselves to God—then we ask in all soberness what God thinks about this human life of ours. What is the Divine standard of man's behavior? What is of value and worth while in the sight of God? What is the great commandment in the law of God?

And who can teach us that? Surely the great spiritual Master. No man ever spoke nor will speak like this man. Christ knows more than we do about God, Who will deny that? Christ knows more than all the preachers and all all the philosophers, and all the magazines and the books about the mind and the will of God. Christ the manifestation, the speaking revelation, the actual incarnation of God. Even on the lowest ground, the holiest man is always the wisest in spiritual things. Any man ought to know most about that which he studies most. And knowledge of spiritual things, above all other knowledge, depends upon sympathy of spirit. The pure in heart shall see God; that is one of the essential axioms. To whom shall we go; who else has the words of eternal life save the spiritual Master, the one ideal, pure, perfect saint and hero of all time.

MORALITY INSTEAD OF RELIGION.

I emphasize that because the answer which Christ gave to the lawyer's question is not the commonly accepted answer. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." That, He said, is the first and great commandment. But we are inclined to doubt that. Ask any dozen men their real opinion and we will find that ten of them will hold that the best that men can do is to do right, to live honestly, to help his neighbor, and to do his daily duty. The best of life in the judgment of a large proportion of the readers of this sermon, is morality rather than religion. Is it better that we should love our neighbors than that we should love the Lord God Almighty.

One of the best men I know said to me the other day in a letter: "You know that I belong to a family that is more noted for their honesty than for their religion, and personally, while not claiming much of the former, I frankly admit to you having little or none of the latter."

And, evidently, the difference here intended between honesty and religion is that honesty looks toward our fellow men, while religion looks first of all to God. Now, the most important fact anywhere in the whole circumference of truth is the fact of the existence of God. The most important being—incalculably the most important—in the whole universe, in the whole range of life is God. God made us; God set us in our places in the great brotherhood of men; God gave us

ALL THAT WE HAVE.

Of heart, of soul, of mind, of strength, God keeps us in being; to God we go at the last. No man made himself. And no man has lived long in this world without becoming aware that he is set in the midst of vast, mysterious, uncontrollable forces. Nature is but the garment of God. All motion is but the movement of God. Back of every fact in nature, in history and in human experience, we come to God. And after death is God. The first step in the argument is the human soul; and that means the divine soul, God; and God must be supreme. Over all and in all is God.

Christ said that the most important thought that anybody can think is a thought about God; and that the supreme human duty is our duty toward God. Whoever leaves God out of his reckoning goes adrift inevitably. It is more important immeasurably to reverence, to fear and to love God than it is to tell the truth, to conduct an honest business, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, or to keep one's self unspotted from the world. No amount of obedience paid to the last six commandments can make up for any man's neglect of the first four. No amount of devotion to the second of the two Commandments of the Gospel can take the place of disregard of the first. No man is living a right life, no matter how upright or how honorable, who lays the emphasis of his endeavors upon honesty and is contented to let religion go. You may think of your neighbors all day long and spend your whole time in the effort to be a helper, an uplifter, a bringer of good into the dark places of a bad world; you may be the best of benefactors, the most public-spirited of citizens, the most devoted of all men in your love for your family, perfectly straightforward, immaculately honorable, the soul of virtue, the mirror of all human graces—but if you leave God out, do not think of God, do not pray to Him nor worship Him, do not love God, you have, after all, left out that element of human life that gives it value. Your life is like a clock without an hour hand; all that busy ticking, swinging does not count.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FAITH.

That is a hard saying. But you know the emphasis that is laid in the Bible upon faith. Again and again in various ways we are earnestly assured and warned that without faith it is impossible to please God. And faith—what is faith? Not an acceptance of the statements of the theologians. No; faith finds a good definition in the "great commandment." That is what it is; to do that—to love God with all the heart, and soul, and mind. Faith, whatever meaning we attach to it is pre-eminently concerned with God. That is perfectly evident. Nobody will say that faith and morality are the same thing. Faith is the heart of religion.

It is, of course, as plain as day, that the fruit of faith is all manner of good living. Nobody can possibly believe in good and love God without desiring in everything to please God. And God has left us in no doubt that there is no way in which we can please Him better than by keeping His commandments, by doing His will. And the supreme commandment which follows that which sets our love toward God, prompts us to love our neighbors as ourselves. It is indeed impossible, in the nature of things, to love God without loving our neighbor, to have faith without works. The very sign and proof of Divine love is human love. No man is a godly man unless he is a good man. So strong is the bond, indeed, between faith and works, between goodness and godliness, that we hope that the first is a proof of the planting of the right seed, that the good life indicates a good heart, and that the man who really loves his brother loves his heavenly Father also.

IT'S THE MOTIVE THAT COUNTS.

But the difference between the second of the commandments of the Gospel and the first lies just in this: That God looks at the heart rather than the hands, accounts the motive as the part of the deed that determines its value, and cares supremely for man's love. The distinction between two good deeds, which sets one immeasurably above the other in the estimation of God, is that one good deed is done for the pleasure of the doer while the other good deed is done for the pleasure of God. One man did his good deed never thinking about God at all, leaving God altogether out, as if there were no God. The other did his good deed desiring to please God, because it was the will of God, out of love for God.

That is not hard to understand. Every father and mother knows the difference between an obedience which is meant to please them, and an obedience which disregards them altogether. The parent desires the love of the child, wants the heart of the child, measures the value of obedience by the love that lies behind it. And so does God.

That is why the love of God is the subject of the great commandment. Because God, as Jesus Christ revealed Him to us, stands in a personal relation to us, a relation of which that between a parent and a child is but a faint symbol; God loves us every one unspeakably. And God wants us to love Him. No wonder that without faith it is impossible to please Him. God is forever looking for our love. God forever finds a lack in every deed which shows no love. Out of all that we can give Him, this He sets highest, that we love Him.

WONDER OF THE DIVINE LOVE.

Do not think that God has no love for the unloving, that He turns in the least away from any man who looks out and not up, and loves his neighbors more than he loves his Father. Do not think that God does not take account of every good thing that He can possibly find in the remotest corner of the most forgetful heart. God knows the whole soul of every man that breathes. God alone can tell—better even than the man himself can—how much real love for Him is hidden away in the deeds of a man's life.

But do not think that God will ever care more for a man's money than He does for his motive, that He will ever look at the outside and not at the inside, that He will ever exalt a man's love for His little circle of temporary neighbors above the love which He Himself asks of the heart, and soul, and mind of every man, that He will ever reverse the order of the two great commandments, and set morality in the place of religion

Wonder of wonders, that God should so love us! What is there in the world more wonderful—except the faintness of our love to Him! GEORGE HODGES.

The Course of Empire.

The poet informs, is westward. Emigrants in that direction should be provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as an antidote to malaria, the bane to newly settled clearings. Moreover, the peerless fortifying agent neutralizes the pernicious effect of damp and exposure, mental and bodily fatigue and nervous strain. Travelers, tourists, miners, navvies and mariners use it with advantage.

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A NOVEL SORT OF FUEL.

Great Heat From Air Directed Upon an Incandescent Substance.

New York Sun.]

The recent advocacy by some of the use of atmospheric air as fuel is pronounced one of the most remarkable results of modern experiment with one of the essential elements of the universe. As is well understood, air is mixed with coal gas and with hydrocarbon vapors, and the compound when burned generates a much greater heat than if the air was absent; so, too, a powerful air blast is a great economizer in smelting and reducing ores.

The new fuel, however, is the air itself, which in a powerful blast is directed upon an incandescent substance—say, coal made white hot, pure carbon, or any other materials that can be made to glow. Coal hydrocarbons, or what not, may be employed to give the initial incandescence, but once the blast strikes the luminous body, the utmost intensity is secured of heat, apparently by the combustion of the air, and may be maintained for an indefinite period; this is accomplished by merely preserving the incandescence of the surface—a result brought about by a slight manipulation of the surface thus in an incandescent state, and with some slight renewal of carbonaceous material.

AN OLD STYLE GEOGRAPHY.

Curious Questions in a Text Book Written in the Eighteenth Century.

Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

A curious relic of pedagogy in the middle of the eighteenth century has been brought to light in Germany. It is a geography edited by Gottlieb Enderfelder, rector of the Friedland High School, for the enlightenment of the students under him. He begins imparting geographical information by means of answers to supposititious questions.

Q. What did Satan show the Lord on the map? A. All the kingdoms of the world and their glory.

A few pages further the learned rector turns to the details of the science in questions and asks:

Q. Which wine receives its name from leather sacks. A. Sec.

Q. Why? A. Because it is carried in leather sacks.

Q. What do the women of Bayonne pet instead of lap dogs? A. Pigs.

Q. How are the streets of Genoa built? A. So narrow that two women in their big skirts can hardly pass each other.

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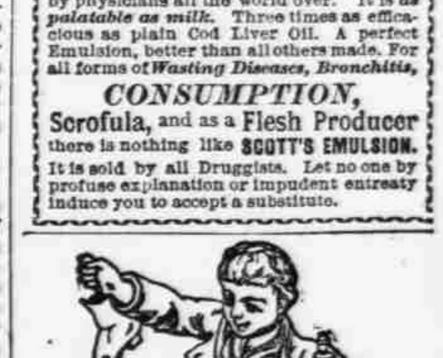

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