Bartlett and many

"Look here, gentlemen!" the inventor burst forth, springing to his feet, 'that's my airship. I invented it. H ennepin was my draughtsman. He has taken the credit to himself. I am utter iy cleaned out fighting him in the court as But I've out fighting him in the courts. But I've got an airship just completed. The courts do not know where it is My last dollar is in it. Gentlemen, if you want to go to the North Pole in two days, and stop there as long as you please, and come back when you are a mind to, take my airship and me. We are both yours."

If there was a sensation when the Arctic explerer revealed his identity, there was a commotion when the little, nervous, eager inventor revealed his identity and his At that moment, so absorbed were they, that it came as a shock when the train halted at its distinction.

halted at its distination.
"I have followed the case," said the mer-chant, taking the inventor's hand, "and have always thought that you were wronged. Gentlemen, I stand to my word. I am in a hurry now for a most important meeting, but if the Sergeant approves the airship and will take charge of the expedition, I will detray all expenses, and I see no reason why you shouldn't go."

Each man started to speak up. Mr. Van-

derlyn was perfectly dignified and in earnest. He waved them back. "Dine with
me to-morrow at 6. I hope you will all be
present." With these words he stepped
into a fine turnout in waiting and drove off,
leaving his companions looking at one another in silence. other in silence.
Who could have guessed that the maddest,

the most adventurous scheme of the century had been born in that quiet, stuffy smok-ing compartment of the shunter Pullman

CHAPTER II. GREAT PREPARATIONS.

"It's the queerest looking thing I ever saw in my life." The speaker stood with his hands in his pockets surveying a large object that certainly was extraordinary.

"Don't let the Professor hear you, whispered Mr. Frederick Ball, touching the young man upon the shoulder. "He thinks it the finest thing in the world. It certainly is the most remarkable "

"I didn't mean that it was absurd at all," said Royal Sterne. "It's stunning. To think that we are in for taking a journey in it! I can't get it rightly into my head. I seem to be dreaming. It beats the Dutch!" The young men stood looking at the aerial vessel for a few moments without speaking.

The tutor stopped with a flush of annoy "What were you going to say, Mr. Ball?" said Royal, soothingly.

said Royal, soothingly.

"I was going to say," replied Mr. Ball, speaking more rapidly, "that a balloon is nothing more or less than a bag of silk filled with rarified air or hydrogen, to which is attached a little basket big enough to hold two or three madcaps, who allow the drunken, staggering, unwieldy mass to blow about through the air wherever it listeth. That's a balloon, Mr. Hardy; and a man is a sangitude, or a saloutific to retarion. as sensible, or as scientific, to start on a journey in a balloon as he would be to avigate the Atlantic ocean on an inflated

"I suppose so," said Jack, demurely. Can-a -you guarantee this creature against intoxication, staggeration and an occasional tilt? Of course we are in for it, know, but isn't it a trifle ticklish?"

The inventor, Professor Wilder, had ast come out to invite his guests to breakfast. He stopped a moment to listen to the tutor's reply to Jack.

"I tell you, this vessel is the forerunner

of the private air-coupe of the future, which every rich family will own. It is the first perfected and tested airship that has the necessary buoyant power of propulsion, and the property of being di rected. All others have failed in the mo ment of trial but this one. I consider Prof. Wilder the most remarkable man of this century, for he has solved the most difficult problem that has confronted our modern age. This vessel can be guided up or down, here or there, more easily than you guide your horse or yacht; it is a ship inde pendent of tornadoes or cyclones, gas bags or grappling hooks; it is a vessel, in short, as safe and as scientific as an 'Atlantic liner' and ten times as swift."

"Whew!" cried Royal.

"Hear! hear!" ejaculated Jack.

"That's just it!" broke in Professor Wilder, beaming all over. "You'll find, gentlemen, we'll carry you as safely as your mother's arms. After breakfast, our last meal ashore, you shall inspect and prepare your own quarters in the Aeropole. The

While the young men reluctantly turn their backs upon Professor Wilder's airship et us attempt the difficult task of describ ing it. Imagine a Brobdignagian cigar 175 feet long, and with a diameter of forty feet, constructed entirely of light, tensile aluminum. This revolutionary metal can be rolled so thin that this whole structure will

weigh only one ton.

Fill this aluminum eigar with hydrogen gas, and unless it is moored to the earth it will rise, for it will then weigh 4,000 pounds

how, when they were too weak to gather these, they died.

"I'll be hanged if the ship isn't suspended in the air!" ejaculated Royal, coming to a full stop before the wonderful machine. "I hadn't realized that."

"Yes," answered the inventor, radiant with pride. "Her lifting wheels—see! Four of them. They are going so fast you can't very well distinguish them. They have been under full power for two weeks, as an experiment. Ten feet in the air is as convincing as 10,000. Cut off those cables that

which gas 10,000. Cut on those cables that hold her in position and she would rise out of sight in a few minutes."

"How on earth is that huge mass going to rest on those six legs when she comes to earth? I should think that she would topple over.

The inventor looked exceedingly hurt. "Topple over?" he repeated. "Young Aeropole's center of gravity. The enormous

"But supposing the ground is uneven, what are you going to do?" continued

"If the ground were covered with eggs, Mr. Sterne, the lifting wheels could let my ship down so gently as not to crack a single shell; and they would hold the Aeropole suspended there. I have not experimented in vain, I assure you."

The young Tech. student again took in

the marvelous mechanism with a critical eye. This recent graduate had no idea of being caught with surprise in his face. He debated in his mind for another question. Jack Hardy, Mr. Ball and the Sergeant had already disappeared by a side door within the care

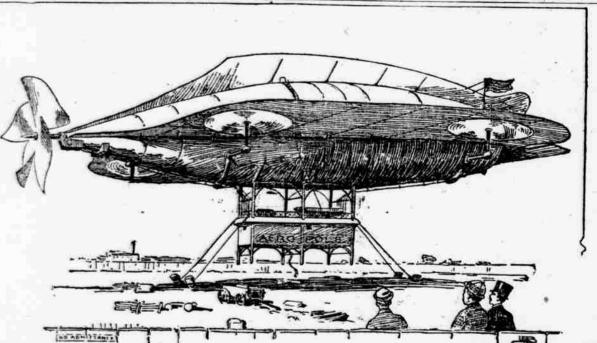
"There is one difficulty, Professor Wilder, How are you going to supply your storage battery between here and the Pole? I have heard of no power stations being established along the route."
"What kind of a storage do you think I

"It must be exceedingly large and weighty to accumulate energy enough to keep on the wing."

"All the energy is produced by a 50-ton plant in the shop there, and transmitted by the cable at our feet to the accumulator.

The current goes night and day."
"Your accumulator must weigh a hun-

"There you are wrong, my boy," said the inventor, slapping him on the shoulder. "It weighs just 1,250 pounds. That is my great invention. It has taken years. The right kind of a motor has been the only lack of aerial vessels. I do not manufacture energy. I spend it. I have discovered a new surface Supposing, further, that this tremendous aerial fish be provided with a dorsal fin 15 feet high which shall end in a vertical rud-



'dumfounded," admiration.
Five mouths had realized the great ex-

ectations of a few excited and daring men. The Hennepin, or, rather, let us say, the Wilder airship, after several trials, had been quietly pronounced by Sergeant Willtwig to be perfect for the purpose. And now, under the munificent patronage of the public-spirited millionaires, under the sublime energy of the Arctic explorer, under the mighty faith of the inventor, under the mighty faith of the inventor, under the scientific suggestions of the youthful astronomical untor, and under the enthusiastic urgings of the two very young gentlemen of the party, the preparations for an aerial voyage were about completed. The attainment of the North Pole was believed by every one of the six men to be a sure thing, "only the expedi-tion must, above all things, be a secret one," the merchant had said before they separated at the dinner. "If successful, I will claim share in the honor for Chicago. If not-In this case, as in so many others, the man who paid decided, and so it hap-cal rudders, is the car; very much like a pened that on that June morning only six | Pullman car in shape. In this car are staen in the world had an inkling of the most

daring project of the century.

The younger men had overcome the obstacles to taking a personal share in this dangerous expedition, each in his own way.
"I'm going on a short trip to the West,
and expect to be back in July," wrote Royal
Sterne to his guardian in Boston; and as the young man had a moderate fortune of his was usually able to look out for himself, and was moreover to come of age in a week, that guardian asked no questions, He had only seven days of authority left. and took it for granted that Royal was fish-ing or trapping. If he had known the truth, it is doubtful if he would have offered any objections. He and his ward were both sons of the "first State in the Union," and the good man would probably have said.

"I guess a fellow that's born in Maine can stand the North Pole." Jack Hardy was quite his own master.
"I havn't anybody but a jolly old aunt,"

he had confided to Royal. "What will she say?" asked Royal. "She?" cried Jack Hardy. "She's been through Africa! She'd go herself if she could. We're a family of travelers and explorers. My grandfather fell down Vesuvius. I had a great-uncle who froze trapping in British America. My father and mother went round Cape Horn when I was 6 years old, and never came back. It's We all go somewhere. Aunt

Maria wouldn't care!"

As for Frederick Ball, the tutor, he said goodby to his mother and went "on an astronomical trip to the North." He never

So the three young men had met in Rockford, had been driven at night to Prof. Wilder's inclosed workshop, five miles up the river, and now they stood on the morning of the 1st of July in a tremor of wonder before the vehicle of their dreams. "When is it? Twelve to-day?" asked

Yes," said Jack, with an assumption of 'tes, 'said Jack, with an assumption of indifference. "I believe that's the time we start. Seems to me," added he, "I'd rather trust myself in a balloon. This—"
"No you wouldn't" interrupted the

not a bit of it. The conquest of the air is just as possible as the conquest of the sea. Since the time of the first ascension by Montgolphier in 1783—is that right?"

"At any rate, since then the dream of mankind has been to fiv. We have come to the time when the public demands a medium of motion where friction is practically a minus quantity, and where cor-porations build no tracks, get no grants and

Collisions?" suggested Royal. "Well, I suppose there will be a col-lision or two, unless different elevations are set apart by law for different direc-"Is that idea patentable?" asked Jack

THE GREAT SHIP READY FOR THE JOURNEY.

Add a propeller in front, the diameter of whose blades is slightly in excess of the diameter of the body of the vessel, these blades receiving the air all along the forward edge and discharging it over the outer dege. Revolve this propeller at a high rate edge. Revolve this propeller at a high rate, and the ship will enter the vacuum thus

But the vessel must rise. Attach to an elevator a large fau of four blades, revolve it swiftly enough, and the elevator will ascend. Flying tops have been made on this ancient principle. In the broad hori-zontal fins place four of these horizontal propellers, two on each side, well forward and well back, and we get plenty of rising force. When the ship reaches the desired height, the power is disconnected from the auxiliary propellers to the great propeller in front, and a moderate speed of only ten miles an hour will suffice to sustain at a given altitude a large weight upon the lateral fins. Below this huge cigar with

its propellers, fins, its horizontal and verti-cal rudders, is the car; very much like a tioned the electrical engines and batteries, and there is ample room besides for ten pas sengers. This car, attached rigidly to the sengers. Ints car, attached rightly to the upper part of the ship, forms its solid base. It has six legs, in place of wheels, upon which the whole car, weighing battery, machinery and everything complete, only 14,000 pounds, may rest.

This means that the airship, ready for the trip, weighed only five tons; the reader re-membering that the huge aluminum cylinder, charged with hydrogen, weighed two tons less than nothing. It can now two tons less than nothing. It can now lift and carry in the car a dead weight of nearly a hundred thousand pounds, on the principle that a small parachute can sustain

the weight of a very heavy man.

The faster the ship goes the less sustain ing tension comes upon the side horizontal fins. At a speed of 200 miles an hour they are not needed at all. The freight which such an airship can carry is only proportional to the lifting power of the horizonta propellers and to the power of the propel

ling fan in front.
Construct on this principle an airship 1,000 feet in length, and it would carry a large a burden as the dismantled Great Eas

ern once did. "Do we start at 12 sharp?" asked Royal of Sergeant Willtwig. "What sport the trip will be!"

"Sport!" breathed the explorer in contempt. "If I had my way you boys—that is, Mr. Ball excepted—wouldn't stand a ghost of going. Sport! Bah!"
"Well, we're in for it; and you'll find, as make the expedition a success," said Royal in a manly, conciliatory way. "At least I

can analyze icebergs." "That's the stuff, my young friend," said the Sergeant, turning a kindly face upon his ruddy companion. "What can you do?" he asked Jack Hardy.

"I can obey you," answered the real estate agent, soberly. Delighted to be upon a firmer footing or the expedition, whose import they but dimlunderstood, and with the man whom they understood still less, the young men fol-

lowed their chief to the airship.

The Sergeant would have been the last man to choose these boys for an Arctic expedition. They had insisted, and the generous patron of the expedition, who sidered their enthusiasm of as much portance as their fitness, had consented. But the Sergeant was troubled. Men for such an adventure must be picked as one would choose heroes to storm Gibraltar. He knew Royal and Jack were both He knew Royal and Jack were both unmindful of the eternal temperature, 40, 50, 60° below zero; of the endless, crunching, jagged floes of ice; of that unique desolation, that congesling hunger, that solitary death! As the Sergeant silently added some last stores to the ship's outfit he was thinking how Greely's party su for weeks on sea-flies caught with nightmare toils, of these diminutive crustaces it required 2,300 to fill a gill measure, and

third.

The airship, as she rested before them in that wast, high inclosure, was, indeed, strange enough te inspire dumb, not to say "dumfounded," admiration.

der at the stern.

Add to this etherial narwhal horizontal up the thickness of the human hair? Supposing that you could concentrate on a skein of silk power enough to run a street "dumfounded," admiration. mulator required to run the same car a month would be of no account. This is the analogy of my invention. I have found that a web of a certain substance spun into threads finer than the finest silk—that a ton of this,

> torage batteries weighing five hundred "This is simply tremendous," said Royal in a subdued voice. "Then we can have electric locomotives and electric ships. No more trolley! No more relief stations! No more electroention

I say, can receive and contain an energy equal to that amassed in the best of modern

"That's it-it will all come when I give it out," said the inventor.
"There are millions in it," said the boy enthusiastically; "I wish-" he stopped with a bright flush.

"When we come back from the Pole, you shall," said the inventor paternally. "I need young blood that believes in me—you "Shall we really get to the Pole?" asked

Royal, with a choke of his voice, putting out his hand "My fame is staked on this expedition If it iails I shall never hold up my head again," answered the inventor solemnly.
"Hullo, what's that?" cried Royal, look-

"Hullo, what's that?" cried Royal, looking toward the high enclosure that encircled the three acres upon which the airship and her temporary buildings stood.

"Boys fooling, I guess. We have let no one in on any consideration since our trial trip. The Sergeant and I went up and came back after a two hours' spin all right. right. But it created a great furore. Everybody wants to come in. Hennepin has been trying to serve an injunction, but I guess he's given that up by this

"I read about it in the paper, but it was onsidered a reporter's yarn."

Bang! Bang! Bang! The noise upon the nelosure increased. Shouts and curses were

heard outside. "Open! Open in the name of the State of Illinois!" came a great cry. The Sergeant bounded out of the car. "We wish serve an injunction!" howled a

an outside.
"From whom?" answered the Sergeant. "Open, or we'll bust you in!" answered

the man outside in a brutal voice.

"They mean to destroy my airship," said Prof. Wilder with quivering lips. "This is Hennepin's doing. How can we get to the Pole if they come in? "They shan't," said Sergeant Willtwig "We'll give you ten minutes!" shouted the man from over the board enclosure

We have fifty armed mea here and we'll give you ten minutes to open up."
[To be Continued Next Sunday.]

SO FAIR AND YET FALSE.

[Air Kathleen Mayourneen.] Oh, false to the core was the idol I cherished Oh, false was the fair one my lite did control, And all of my fond hopes in this world have

perished
Since she proved anworthy the love of my Since she proved and any dreams when fate soul;
'Twas death to my day dreams when fate came disclosing.
That she whom I loved was like the scented rose
That sheds its perfume on whose'er breast

reposing Yet still 'twas a poison exhaled by the rose. Oh farewell, false idol, the grave is a yawn-

And when the sunshine of the morrow i dawning
My soul will have passed from this world
and its gloom;
But still the last wish from the lips did caress thee Is that from your folly and sins you depart and God in His mercy may pardon and bless

Oh farewell forever, thou'ss broken my PITTEBURG, PA.

The Ban Against Women in the Pulpit Will Be Lifted When a Little More Light Breaks.

A PART OF HIGHER CRITICISM

Already the Leading Divines of the World Lave Welcomed the Sex as Ministers of the Gospel.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE WORK.

The Creed Revision Points Toward the Abelition the Pauline Injunction.

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 Forty-two years ago Antoinette Brown

Blackwell pursued a course of theological studies at Oberlin College. Forty years afterward in 1890, she was recogformally nized by Oberlin as a theologica graduate. The tardiness of Oberlin, however, in according her the well-earned hon-

Woman's Fitness for the Place. ors, did not pre vent this brave

Rev. Florence E. Kollock, woman from as suming the duties for which she had pre-pared herself, nor a certain congregational council from according her regular ordination to the ministry. In the year 1853 the church over which she was presiding called a council of clergymen and made their pastor a regularly ordained minister of the ongregational body, and for 25 years she was known throughout her denomination as one of the most earnest, logical and eloquent ministers of that faith.

Ecclesiastically authorized exegeses of certain Pauline injunctions against a peculiar class of women of the great apostle's day have been an almost insurmountable obstacle lying between woman and her entrance upon the work of the ministry. "Let the women keep silent in the church," reiterates conference, council and synod. It is beginning to be noted that this injunction has never been obeyed. The voice of woman in prayer and song has always mingled with that of man. Woman, 'last at the cross and earliest at the tomb.' has never kept silent in the places of worship. The teaching of the Bible has in a great measure been intrusted to her through the medium of the Sunday school.

Women Are the More Faithful. It is being further noted that in attendance upon and membership of the churches.

women vastly outnumber the men; that the care of the poor and unfortunate within the church precinct are turned over to the women: that the foreign missionary work is largely provided for through their efforts; that their willing hands and busy



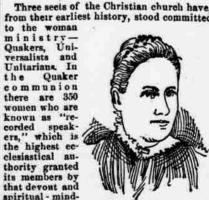
brains are called the many bad financial management of the official board. In short, it is an acknowledged fact that there is no work too severe, too practical, too vital or too sacred in connection with the church that the women are no

These and other facts of like significan have sent some of the thoughtful and right minded people to a re-examination of the Pauline injunction concerning women and the ministry, and with what results all are familiar who have noticed, for example, the strong tide of opinion that has set in in the great Methodist body in favor of women not only as delegates to the general conference but as eligible candidates for the office of the ministry; who note the frequency with which the religious journals recount the or-dination of Mrs. A. or Miss B. to the ministry in the Congregational, Free Will Bap-tist, Wesleyan Methodist and other smaller dies endowed with more of the spirit than

the letter of the Gospel.

This certainly is not a vrey encouraging outlook to aspirants for the ministry among the women of that body. But let such remember that this injunction was issued before the days of the Westminster Creed Revision Council and the memorial Briggs controversy. Great bodies move slowly, but they move, and at is only a question of a quarter of a century or less when this in-junction against woman's preaching will be ascribed to the inaccurate scholarship of 250 years ago, and the Pauline injunction on this question will be subject to the same "higher criticisms" that to-day are being applied to certain authentic dogmas with

the most salutary effect. There Sects Recognize Womes Three sects of the Christian church have



ed body of be-

In 1856 the Universalist denomination founded a theological school at Canton, N. Y. This school was opened in conjunction with St. Lawrence University, a college o letters and science, and the opportunities for study were offered to young men and women on equal terms. Rev. Olympia Brown was the first woman who took advantage of this opportunity. She entered the theological school, the only woman in this department, pursued a full course of study, received a diploma, and in the spring of 1863 was regularly ordained to the ministry of the Universalist denomination. A few months later Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, who was fellowshiped by the J. Chapin, who was removabled by the Universalist Church in 1860, and had been preaching since 1859, was also regularly ordained to the ministry, and almost uninterrupted for 31 years she has proclaimed the gospel from a prominent pulpit.

Rev. Phebe Hanaford, who was ordained in the latter part of the '60s, has done beautiful work for the church of her faith, not only as a preacher and pastor, but as editor of one of the choicest publications of that body and as contributor to the columns of all its leading papers. Some of Mrs. Hana-ford's poems will live as long as the noble

There Is No Rush to the Pulpit. Much might be said of many of the in the ministry to the end younger women in the ministry to the of showing that the calling has drawn

-

ment of worship reigns in the soul of

gifted women into service, and the service they are rendering is the strongest evidence of their divine right Spent to Build Healthy Tenement

to serve. The early succe of these pioneers at-tracted the attenwomen of strong re ligious fervor as Miss Caroline J. Another Sermon by the Rev. George

Bartlett and many other zealous and successful workers to this new field of labor. Meadville Theological Seminary was open to women of the Unitarian Church, and while in neither denomination have the women crowded into the ranks of the ministry there has been a slow but increasing tendency toward assuming the duties of this profession on the part of women. Hartford Theological School, within the past three years, has also opened its doors to women. The Universalist its doors to women. The Universalist register contains the names of 40 women in its record of something over 700 men ministers. The Unitarian Year Book bears Improvement of the Poor. I come now to the helping of the deserving poor. the names of 70 women. Of these numbers all are not at present in charge of pastorates.

all are not at present in charge of pastorates.

Some are doing missionary work.

In a few instances the women ministers are wives of ministers and have been regularly ordained so that they may aid more authoritatively the work in which their husbands are engaged. But of the women ministers a sufficiently large number are in charge of important churches to demonstrate their canacity to the most incredulous. their capacity to the most incredulous.

Woman has demonstrated such peculiar fitness for these tender and sacred duties that all that is necessary in order to allay the prejudice of the most conservative op-ponent to her ministry is to place him where he will learn from observation how easily and naturally she goes about her "Father's business."

The woman minister has no truer friend

than Rev. Dr. Thomas. Prof. Swing is fully committed to the practicability of the woman ministry. Rev. Robert Collyer said many years ago to a young woman who had just entered upon the work of the church: "Stay there, my young woman; don't move until you have proved, as you can, that the ministry is as much a woman's work as it is

Brooklyn in Darkness in 1674 The Presbyterian body, as recent as 1874, felt itself called upon to go to the rescue of



inviting her to pulpit. This Christian courtesy toward one versally " recog-Rev. Olympia Brown.

cient and consecrated laborer in the vine-vard of the Lord called out from the Brooklyn Presbytery the tollowing, which is a reiteration of a decision of the Gen-eral Assembly, dating back to 1837: Meetings of pious women by themselves, for conversation and prayer, we entirely approve. But let not the inspired prohibition of the great apostle, as found in his epistles to the Corinthians and to Timothy, be violated. To teach and to exhort, or to lead in prayer in public and promiseuous assemblies, are clearly forbidden to women in the holy orneles.

boly oracles.

Dr. Collyer's pulpit is always open to the woman minister and his hearty "God bless you!" falls upon her like a heavenly benediction from his reverent lips. This is Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's view: "I do not think the story of the Gospel will be fully told until Christian women all round the world tell it. My pulpit is always open to women, and when they have preached there the impression has always been deep and good and lasting."

Rev. Joseph Cook has said: "Hand in hand men and women build the home; hand

hand men and women build the home; hand in hand they ought to build the State and the church. Hand in hand they left an earthly 'paradise lost;' hand in hand they

are likely to enter, if at all, an earthly par-Perhaps it is left for Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, to say the strongest word: "I cannot but feel that women have a greater

Christian work to do than many of us have yet realized or admitted, and that they have it to do for the simple reason that they are divinely qualified to do it. I confidently ook to women who have received the seroic and sacrificial piety of the church. The weight of such opinion from men who are foremost in the ranks of the Christian ninistry is beginning to count on the side of the woman ministry question. The general conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of America in session recently at Grand Rapids, Mich., struck out of the discipline the section prohibiting the ordina-tion of women. While the Methodist tion of women. While the Methodist Episcopal Church is not ready as a body to grant ordination to women, it is taking the surest possible means to make the ordination inevitable in fitting the women as it does at the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston. Ten years ago the most brilliant scholar of the class graduating in theology was Miss Mary Phillips. Other women have studied there since and at present

there are two very gifted young women pre-paring to preach the gospel. The great Methodist Church may just as well begin to get ready to ordain them. Women Will Find Their Level. But after all is said and done the strongest argument in favor of women in the min-istry is found in woman herself. If there does not appear in her nature an eternal fit-ness for the work no Bible exegesis nor favorable report of conneil, synod or confer-ence can place her in the ranks of the min-istry. It she does possess the qualities of mind and heart that will make her work a success, no biblical exegesis or injunction of council, synod or conference can long keep her silent in the churches. To woman the ministry is not a profession, but a calling. Women are natural teachers. They are born with the idea of instructing. They are sympathetic by nature. Suffering appeals to them. Most women feel themselves the

natural guardians of the young, the aged, he sick, the poor.

In the church of to-day theology is taking he background and christianity applied is coming to the front. People are growing less and less interested in the fall of man and more and more solicitous about his rise. Outside of her place as wife and mother there is no calling upon which woman can enter where her every gift of heart, mind and brain can find a larger opportunity for exercise in behalf of the truth of God and the welfare of mankind than in the work of

the Christian ministry.

FLORENCE E. KOLLOCK. FUTURE OF ANTHRACITE COAL Its Use Will Constantly Increase Until Its

Price Makes It a Luxury. The comparative cheapness of bituminous oal causes its production to grow more rapidly than the production of anthracite but the latter is so much the better domestic fuel, and so much to be preferred for all uses where the smoke and dirt that are caused by the burning of bituminous coal are objectionable, that the growth of the anthracite

tionable, that the growth of the anthracite trade is likely to be seriously checked only when its increasing cost makes it too much an article of inxury to be generally used, says Joseph S. Harris in the Forum.

The increase of cost will come (1) from the greater amount of capital required to open the mines as they penetrate the earth more deeply, (2) from the greater cost of keeping them open while the coal is being mined, and (3) from the greater amount of refuse to be hoisted and the greater amount of water to be pumped as the mining reaches greater depths.

Is you want your house to be free from roaches, bedbugs, etc., use Bugine. 26 cents, at all dealers.

A RICH MAN'S MONEY

Houses Does as Much Good

IF SPENT FOR LIBRARIES.

Hodges on Treatment of the Poor. GIVING OPPORTUNITY AND SYMPATHY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] I dealt at some length last week with the case of the unknown beggar, on account of the perplexity which it offers to the Christian judgment. The conclusion was that the only alms which religion and good sense can recommend for the unknown beggar is an "investigation ticket" of the Society for the

These people are poor sometimes, poor by reason of sickness, sometimes by reason of accident, or old age, or bereavement, or the incapacity or the sin of the bread-winner of the family. More often, however, they are poor simply because they live in the nineteenth century. They are the victims of an imperfect civilization. They are poor just as people were enslaved in Athens and in Rome, and in countries much closer to us, both in space and in time. They suffer poverty just as great numbers of people in the Middle Ages suffered from the olague. Slavery and the plague were in their day considered inevitable. They were regarded as the mysterious workings of a strange Providence, by which one man was lifted up and another thrust down, and by whose will disease was let loose to take hold upon the nations. There must be slavery, they said, and there must be plague. Our part is simply to make the best of them. But we have learned better than that. We have remedied that.

Poverty Can Be Abolished.

There is a day and we ourselves are living in it, in which it is considered equally inevitable that vast multitudes of people should live in poverty. That shows how much need we still have for civilization and Christianity. There is no more permanence in poverty than there is in slavery or plague ing to the Christian grace manifested by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler to ward Sarah Smily, in getting more civilized and more Christian.

In poverty than there is in slavery or plague.

Poverty is not older than those twin evils that we have got rid of. It is only a little harder to fight. But we will get the better of it. Every year we are out-growing our old barbarism and our old paganism, and getting more civilized and more Christian. Let us realize that, poverty is simply one of the signs of social imperfection. These

of the signs of social imperfection. These poor people are the victims of our ignorance of political economy. They are paying the penalty of our universal industrial mistakes. The great industrial machine is out of gear. It is giving some people great fortunes and wide acres and other people starvation wages and the narrow corners of tenement houses. Evidently it is out of order. We make a great blunder if we think that the poor are in general to blame think that the poor are in general to blame for their poverty. We are all to blame for it. It is the fault of the century. Accordingly, the helping of the eserving poor is a deeper and a more difficult matter than is sometimes thought. It means, indeed, the dispensing of orders for proceries and coal: it means that Christian people ought to provide out of their abund-ance for the immediate necessities of their coorer neighbors, and not wait to be asked. but rather to be on the watch for ways of giving to those who do not ask, and will not

ask. But it means more than this. They Need Opportunity and Sympathy. Not by doles of clothes and money will the poor be permanently helped. Often that sort of charity is but a hindrance; it is a menace to self respect, and endangers in-dependence. What the poor are really in need of is opportunity and sympathy. They

Pittsburg are an amazement to every visitor.
They ought to be kept clean everywhere, but in the districts of poverty, first and foremost. There would be fewer people in the reform school, and the workhouse, and jail, if there was less dirt in the streets. Another way to help the poor is to secure an enforcement of sanitary laws, especially to see that the tenement houses are fit for human beings to inhabit. A man who owns a tenement has a clear path to his duty to the poor. God knows how much of the daily earnings of the poor he takes for the privilege of living in his house. God knows what kind of family life, or desceration of family life, the landlord is responsible for by the conditions of his building. And God knows, if we do not, that the man who owns an over-crowded or unclean tenement, and out of the money which comes to him from the misery and sin of his poor brothers and

sisters makes pious contribution to the church, mocks God. Land, Rent and Sanitation Some people seem to think that God blind, that He can see only in the dim light of consecrated buildings, and that He knows people conduct themselves in the and does not know how conduct themselves anywhere Some people seem to think that the houses that God looks at are the

houses that have steeples. But God looks closest at the houses of the poor. And the question of sanitation and the question of ent and the question of land are questions of immense interest to the Lord God Al-

The rich are debtors to the poor, because the rich and poor are brothers, and every brother owes his brother something. There is one debt, St. Paul says, that can never be paid. It is perpetually outstanding. In-stallment after installment touches only the interest, the principle remains. That is the debt of fraternal love. The rich ought to use some of their money in paying the interest of this debt. They do use a great deal of money for that purpose, but, as it appears to me, not always with ideal wisappears to me, not always with ideal was-dom. For the poor, the deserving poor of whom I am speaking, do not ask for alms. They ask only for opportunity and fraternal consideration. And to that they have a

Tenements Versus Libraries.

It is, of course, an easy matter to advise

people how to spend their money. The chances are that the people who have the money know their own business best. But it does seem to me that if the rich desire to really help the poor there are other ways of getting that desire accomplished besides li-braries and hospitals. For these splendid praries and nospitals. For these spiendid charities let there, indeed, be proportionate gratitude. But equal thanks and praise belong, I think, to the equally beneficent philanthropist who builds a block of decent tenements. Men are responsible in the sight of God for the investment of their money. The man who puts his money into a business that is of no advantage to his fellow men, or who locks it up in stocks and bonds, will have an account to give; has, indeed, an account to give to-day for the use of the opportunity that God has given

It is not alone the rich man who owns It is not alone the rich man who owns a tenement upon whom falls the responsibility for the family lite of the poor, but the rich man who ought to own a tenement comes in for a share of it. That is one of the uses of money which brings in a good return for the investment, both in the banks of Pittsburg and in the bank of heaven. Discouraging the Saloon

Another way to help the poor is to discourage the saloon. The saloon stands in the neighborhood of poverty as a fortress of the devil. It is drink that tempts men to make unclean animals of themselves, to add misery to the poverty of their wretched homes, and add heart seek to the hunger of their wives. add heart-sche to the hunger of their wives and children. It would seem incredible that a sane man, with a starving family, should take bread out of the hands of his little children in order that he may eat and drink

himself. It is drink that thus makes brutes and fiends out of the sons of God. If we want to help the soor we will help all efforts that are made poor we will help all enorts that are made to kill the poor man's adversary. Those efforts have not as yet amounted to much. In spite even of the Brooks law, the con-

umption of strong poisons is increasing. Every day, even in Pittsburg, human sacrifices are offered to Bacchus in his licensed emples. And these sacrifices are mostly chosen from the children of poverty.

Still another way to help the poor is to

see that every poor man has a chance to work, and to see that he is not taken advantage of by reason of his poverty, is not given scant wages, is not overtasked, is not kept at his labor so many hours that he has no time to be anything but a dull machine. Every employer of labor has his answer to the question, how to help the poor, marked out plain enough before him. The poor, so far as he is concerned, are his own men. The kind of philanthropy that we need to-day is the philanthropy of practical fair-dealing!

The Poor Need Sympathy.

And from all of us the poor need sym-pathy. The rich and the poor alike need to know each other better. Genuine help know each other better. Genuine help comes along the way of personal acquaintance. Jesus helped the poor, not by giving them money, for he had none to give, but by giving them his time, his attention, and his love. Every Christian family ought to have some neighbor of theirs, who is not so plentifully supplied as they are with the blessings which go along with money, whom they are helping, and helping not in any spirit of condescension, not with any taint of the pernicious heresy which persuades people that the possession of a bankbook is a certificate of character, and that one who is rich is, by reason of riches, better m any sort of way than one who is poor—not in sort of way than one who is poor—not in that unchristian spirit, but with real inter-est, and personal friendship, and delight in

giving pleasure.

We make a mistake if we think that the poor are able to appreciate only the neces-saries of life. We expect them, I am afraid, to be quite unreasonably grateful for gifts of cast-off clothing. We would do well to of cast-off clothing. We would do well to minister more than we do to the pleasures of the poor. To give a really good framed photograph of some one picture to be hung on the bare walls of our neighbor's dingy living room, is to bestow a gift that will last longer and do more real good than half a dozen last year's dresses.

Other Ways of Doing Good,

To subscribe for one of the illustrated magazines for a father or mother who can read, and care to read, or for St. Nicholas or some other of the children's periodicals for the growing boys and girls whose parents cannot afford these luxuries, is a piece of cannot afford these inxuries, is a piece of thoughtfulness which will not cost very much, but will yield a great return of pleas-ure. Or a really delicate and pretty cup and saucer, decorated by skillful fingers, as a gift for the old grandmother who drinks her tea out of cracked bowl; why not give that? Or ticket to a large state of the control of Or, tickets to a play or a concert, or a lec-ture—why not help the intellectual hunger of the poor? Why not remember the shab-by little people, who have to say with the small child in "Faith Gartney's Girlhood": "There's lots of good times in the world,

but I ain't never in 'em?" It seems to be that such ministration as this to the pleasure of the poor might be a genuine help and uplifting. At any rate, it would be a sign of what is better far than pity-it would be a mark of friendship. Christ is our example. Let us try to help the poor as we know we would have His approval. Then will we help the poor, is deed. GEORGE HODGES.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S SPEECHES.

He Is Nervous Before and at the Start bu

Warms Up Well. An American who attended a recent ban quet at which Emperor William spoke writes as follows: At the dessert I observed that the Emperor abstained from conversation and nervously crumbled pieces of bread in his hand. Sud-

a fine speaker even from an American's A JUDGE GIVING TESTIMONY

AN IMPORTANT CASE SUMMED UP AS FOLLOWS. Chronic Catarrh-Twenty Years-Settled on Lungs-Could Get No Relief-Permanent Cure at Last.

NEW VIENNA, CLINTON, Co., O. Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co.—Gents: I take pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and an say I am a new man. Have had the can say I am a new man. Playe had the catarrh about 20 years. Before I knew what it was it had settled on my lungs and breast, but now can say I am well. Was in the army, could get no medicine that would elieve me. Yours truly,

W. D. WILLIAMS. Probate Judge of Clinton county. While it is a feet that Pe-ru-na can be rewhile it is a fact that Fernina can be re-lied on to cure chronic catarrh in all stages and varieties, yet it is not often that it will so quickly cure a case of long standing as the above. Hence it is that so many patients fail in finding a cure because of patients fail in finding a cure because of their unwillingness to continue treatment long enough. Many people who have had chronic catarrh for 5, 10 and even 15 years, will follow treatment for a few weeks, and then because they are not cured, give up in despair and try something else. These patients never follow any one treatment long enough to test its merits, and conse-quently never find a cure. It is a well-known law of disease that the longer it has

run the more tenaciously it becon to its victim. The difficulty with which catarrh is cured has led to the invention of a host of reme-dies which produce temporary relief only. The unthinking masses expect to find some remedy which will cure them in a few days, and to take advantage of this false hope many compounds which have instant but transient effect have been devised. The people try these catarrh cures one after another, but disappointment is the invariable result, until very many sincerely believe

that no cure is possible Catarrh Is a Systematic Disease,

nd therefore requires persistent internal treatment, sometimes for many months, be fore a permanent cure is effected. The muthroat, lungs, etc., are made up of a net-work of minute blood vessels called capillaries. The capillaries are very small elastic tubes, which, in all cases of chronic catarrh, are congested and bulged out with bloods so long that the elasticity of the tubes is entirely destroyed. The nerves which supply these capillaries with vitality are called the "vasa-motor" nerves. Any medicine to reach the real difficulty and exert the slightest curative action in any case of catarrh must operate directly on the vasa-motor system of nerves. As soon as these nerves become strengthened and stim-ulated by the action of a proper remedy they restore to the capillary vessels of the various mucous membranes of the body their normal elasticity. Then, and only then, will the catarrh be permanently cured.
Thus it will be seen that catarrh is not a
blood disease, as many suppose, but rather
a disease of the mucous blood vessels. This
explains why it is that so many excellent

blood medicines utterly fail to cure catarrh.
Colds, winter coughs, bronchitis, sore
throat and pleurisy are all catarrhal affections, and consequently are quickly curable
by Pe-ru-na. Each bottle of Pe-ru-na is accompanied by full directions for use, and is kept by most druggists. Get your druggist to order it for you if he does not already keep it.

A pamphlet on the cause and cure of all

catarrhal diseases and consumption sent free to any address by the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company Columbia

BIRDS OF THE SPRING

Robin and Bluebird Filling the Air With Richest Melodies.

PRETTY LEGENDS ABOUT THEM.

Teh Larger Has Qualities That Fit Him for a National Emblem.

APROPOS BITS FROM INDIAN LORE

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 Robin and bluebird are the dearest barbingers of spring and the best loved of American birds. They come like embodiments of the first balmy Southern breezes, the forerunners of spring delights and summer pleasures. Their presence in dooryard and air is a prophecy that makes them doubly welcome and wins for them a place in the popular heart far above that of the gay summer songsters. No sound of springtime is so thrilling as the first trill of the bluebird as he flutters through the air with a sheen on his wings like the deep blue of summer skies, and a movement that suggests a vivified fragment of that far em-

pyrean gifted with the glories of song. The bluebird is the poet's ideal of spring, his wing the cobalt blue of sky, his breast the cinnamon of the brown earth, his plaintive contralto the fit voice of springtime longing, as he flits

Shifting his light load of song From post to post the cheerless fence along. Simple, sweet and fresh, his trill suggests banks of blue violets, and his undulating flight the freedom of wandering sum-

mer winds. A Solid American Citizen.

The robin is a different presence. Ethereal the bluebird is; staid and practical this other friend of the early spring. He is pre-eminently the thrifty, energetic, self-respect-ing American citizen, loving his home and enjoying the society of his kind. None of he bluebird's plaintiveness creeps into his melodies. His notes ring out with a cheery metodies. His notes ring out with a cheery fullness and the wholesome rhythm of content, as befits one who duly appreciates the beauty of the world. Even in the days of storm and distress, when fitful spring yields for the time to wintry blasts, he still bears a chearful wim.

cheerful mien.

His repertoire is not extensive, but the ear never tires of it, and his matins are among the most charming of our birds' songs. Maurice Thompson has remarked: songs. Maurice Thompson has remarked:
"I do not envy the man whose heart does
not sometimes quiver in unison with the
bird songs of spring," and surely the one
who can listen untouched to the robin's inspiring welcome of the sun on an April
morning has lost the capacity for the purest and sweetest pleasures of life and "is fit for

treason, stratagems, and spoils."

Both robin and bluebird are greatly excelled in musical capacity by later songsters.
All the other thrushes, to which family our American robin belongs, far surpass it in vocal range and richness. Those who have vocal range and richness. Those who have trembled with delight at the wonderful melodies of the hermit thrush, "the swamp angel," as the Adirondack guides call it, which Mr. Burroughs pronounces "the finest sound in nature," know the robin's song is weak and prosy beside it, and it would not be difficult to select half a dozen birds of midenment with richness and the select half a dozen birds of midsummer with richer vocal endowments

than the bluebird.

None So Close to Human Life. But both robin and bluebird are familiars. About our homes they take up their abode, and their presence gives brightness and cheer to everyday life. Even in crowded cities they continue to live under our eyes, a reminder of the freedom of forest and field lost long ago. What if that strange recluse far in the forest has more brilliant need of is opportunity and sympathy. They want a chance, and they want a friend.

One way to help the poor is to get clean streets in front of their houses. The street is the poor man's lawn. That is where his children play. The happiness and the children play. The happiness and the children play are happiness and the clearly and with almost cutting sharpness.

He carries his character in his voice, and is and love as the voices of dearest human and love as the voices of dearest human friends. It is this friendly spirit, this love for man that has associated them so closely with human life, and perhaps more than all their other good qualities endears these

birds to every one.

Robin redbreast in Scotland is never molested because a drop of God's blood is upon its breast. An English legend ascribes the color to the piercing of the breast by a thorn from the crown of Christ, upon which a voice from the clouds pronounced the bird sacred and promised it many friends in many lands. Another bit of folklore, upon which Whittier has founded his poem, "The Robin," is that the bird's red breast was scorched from the flames when in pity it tried to bear a drop of water to lost souls in torment. The Devonshire superstition, which impresses upon every lad the certainty that all the crockery in the house will be broken if he robs a robin's nest, has for its basis the same sense of sacredness. Something of this regard may have arisen from the robin's mythical part in that childhood tragedy, the "Babes in the Woods," which is only a juvenile form of the same myth to which Webster referred in his "White Devil" 250 years ago in the

Call for the robin redbresst and the wren, Since o'er shade groves they hover, And with leaves and flowers do cover The friendless bodies of unburied men These legends by right belong only to the European robin, and only by a sort of pop-ular substitution can they be applied to the American bird. Of the latter only one story has come to my notice, and it, naturally enough, is an Indian one. Our robin was the dearest bird of the Narragansetts, their "mercy bird." Its esteem, the story runs, dates from the early days of the tribe when a Narragansett maid of rare grace, beauty and wisdom was saved from death by its interference. A jealons and discarded lover determined to avenge nimself for the maid's preference of another more kind and courtly prince to himself. But as he rushed upon her, knife in hand, a mercy bird flew so spitefully in his face that he but scratched the girl's arm, and she was enabled to escape. The would-be murderer struck at the bird and stained its breast with blood from her arm. He met his just fate, and the mercy bird, which before had been gray, ever after wore a blood stain on its breast. American bird. Of the latter only one

Might Well Be a National Emblem.

The robin would, in many ways, be a fit-

ting emblem of our nationality. Early on

the ground in the spring, a most industrious bird, strict in its attention to business, work-

ing to raise not merely one, but two, three and sometimes even four broods in a single season, always on the alert, he suggests in his life the assiduity, persistence and thrift of American character. Would that, as a people, we might as well appreciate the beauty of nature and the joy of life, and feel as sweet a content as sits upon the modest garb of this, our doorvard thrush.

Our spring friend becomes somewhat demoralized late in the fall when the summer's hard work is ended, and like some old men who have won their case, is apt to be gluttonous. Seeking the companionship of his fellows, he grows shyer of men, as if, as an idier, he had lost some of the guarantees of safety he possessed when a toller in this work-aday world. Flocks of them feed together, and it is not uncommon to come upon them among the carmine pokeberries, gorged almost to helplessness. Later in the fail they migrate, though a few spend the winter even as far north as New England.

The bluebird was a favorite of the Algonquin Indians and they wove about its pretty legend. It was the "sky-bird" to them, and they believed it got its color from the empyrean whence it came. In the coldest winter days, when the sky of northern climes is the deepest, darkest blue, they said the spirits Behind the sky, who hold it up, were getting the sky-birds ready to come down again and sing the promise of green leaves and summer. After such unusually severe winters, they thought the blue birds were more numerous than in milder seasons. It was a favorite name for the Algonquin maldens, and though the sky-bird was not held strictly sacred, the man who killed one, lost standing and esteem in the Algonquin villages by doing so. Sanuel G. McClure.

As sure as fate and quick as lightning the people, we might as well appreciate the beauty of nature and the joy of life, and feel

As sure as fate and quick as lightning is the way Bugine kills roaches, bedbugs, etc. 25 cents at all dealers.

"I won't contradict you. Go ahead?" said Royal lightly.