THE OMAHA DAILY BEF: WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1901.

Pastor Marvin's Conversion. BY WINTHROP ALLEN.

expected to bring relief and comfort.

the voice of his son swept on.

Church-going was good enough for women, speeches-I wish I had made more of them. argued the sturdy miners of the Cross Cut I wish I could have dragged every one of Coal company. It kept their tongues wagging on other themes than the shortcomings of their husbands. But for men! Well, why should they, on this one day in seven, when they might bask in sunshine and breathe air unpolluted by noxlous gas and firedamp, shut themselves within the narrow walls of Zion church?

Yet, strangely enough, on this particular Sunday in May every one of them mani- assure them of safety in the life to come. feated a surprising determination to be How can they prepare for a future existence numbered in Parson Marvin's flock and loud amid conditions so degrading? How can and earnest were the demands for shoe brushes and "boiled shirts."

It was old Tom Caughey, boss of No. 7 shaft, who told Father Feeley the reason, as he stood, hat in hand, when his spiritual adviser came out from early mass.

"It's no hard penance you'll put on me, father, for gein' to Pastor Marvin's church the day? Sure, it's little Arthur that'll be preachin' to the people of Wymore Gap for the first time. He's been away to college these three years an' they do say he's a smart man-him that took many a ride down in the carriage with me, an' has played 'roun' the breakers ever since me own Tim-

He paused and Father Feeley grasped the thin, muscular hand. With the saints by now, Caughey, never

fear. Yes, you go and hear young Marvin. I mind him myself, a likely-spoken and civil-mannered lad, who seemed always to love our mines and men."

Three hours later Arthur Marvin stood with tightly folded arms, gazing from his window, across the square to the church which had been his father's charge, and which, according to the rules and regulations of the denomination he represented. might now become his.

Eagerly he watched for each familiar face in that slow-gathering congregation. There was Mary MacNeal, whose husband and son had been killed in the explosion of She still wore black and she had company in plenty, for there were pretty Bise'e Maguire, whose "Dick" had been caught in a premature blast, and Lizzie Dugan, whose husband of three happy menths had g no down with the last nasty cavein andyes, there was d ar old Caughey. A band of rusty black still clung round h's Sunday hat, though to Arthur it seemed y ar since he and Tim-square-should red. light-hearted, honest-intentioned Timhad chased round the breakers together Then one day Tim had gone down to work in his father's shaft-and had never come up again. Just one day! Arthur felt a strange grip on his throat. He turned abruptly from the window as Caughey, wi h uncertain steps, entered the unaccustomed place of worship.

They crossed the little square together Pastor Marvin, tall, stalw rt and proud despite his three-score years; Arthur, a triffe shorter, sligh er and fairer than his father, but with the same determination in his bearing; and Lucy. No one in all Wymore Gap knew Lucy's history. Fastor Marvin had one day been called suddenly to Philadelphia and when he had come back Lucy had come too. Some sa'd the was th daughter of a boyhood friend wro, in dying had bequeathed the child to the Marvins Another popular tale held that she was th orphan of a repentant parishicner. B that as it might, the gossips united in declaring that Lucy had developed, in the plac d life of Zion parsonage, like a rare mcuntain flower, and that if she did not in due time accept the heart and hand of Arthur Marvin, then truly would every tradition of poetic and romantic justice he shattered. Side by side walked father and son down

the center aisle and up thy steps to the bair-cloth sofa behind the gaunt, unlovely

topics, and Arthur Marvin's future was left to his own determining. He went down into the bowels of the crazed. What-

earth day after day, not only to dig, but to study. By and by he changed to other workings. He wanted to know something far into the night he talked with Tom those students away from their books to Caughey, who knew the Cross Cut property men, to the lives into which they were as a good Mahometan knows his Koran. Pastor Marvin stood with livid face, the Every Sunday morning Arthur went to Zion letter crumpled and moist in his hand, and church to study something else-the unyielding features of his father, and the "Now that we are at the root of this pathetic little lines which were beginning

matter let's speak the truth. I'd rather to show in Lucy's face. He worked on day shifts and on night give men a chance to live here than to shifts, but it was always night down there. The summer waxed stifling hot and autumn swept on, cool and refreshing, but the temperature in the mines did not vary. Then, they serve the God I preach when they are one day when the snow was on the ground and the men coming from below looked

like gnomes against the glistening hillside. Arthur Marvin again presented himself before Superintendent Seeger. The latter looked up impatiently. What did this son of a preacher want now? Promotion before his turn?

"Well, Marvin, you must be taking a day off.'

Perhaps in the tone was just a suggestion that men who were above their work No. 7 and detailed a rescue party for No. and the other would hit him in the back of were given to taking frequent lay-offs. 6. The news spread like the scething flames



Wymore Gap gossiped over the affair for a The carriage swayed sullenly over the cagles were serving breakfast to their time, then arose fresher and more exciting yawning hole. He turned to fate Lucy.

Arthur clasped her trembting hands. "There's not a second to waste. I've got of other veins, drifts and formations, and flood the mines, unless you tell him to end he flapped his wings and stood on the wait till be hears from me."

'You "Yes, I'm going to break through into No. 7, or-" He bent over and kissed her. used to and the carcass of this one was a Send some men here. I'll nerd themafter the explesion.

She would have held him, but already he had stepped on the carriage and with the the eagle, which gracefully eluded him and, rattle and clank of cable drums he shot soaring a short distance in the air. out of sight. When Seeger came back from screamed bloody murder as a signal to his the telephone, with determination written on his face, he met an equally determined but pale-faced girl. When he heard her an attack on the bear, which was so busy story he exclaimed:

"He'll never come up alive!" "Yes, he will," affirmed Lucy, her faith in her lover paramount to her discretion. and sank their talons in his flesh. "He knows the mines better than you do. He'll never try it unless there's a chance. And you'll give him that chance, won't you?' Sceper paused and looked into the plead-

little headway in that time. He strode to

young and one of them had flown up to the "Oh, Arthur, this is awful. Can't they nest with a lot of pieces of sturgeon and do something? Mrs. Caughey is nearly the other was tearing away at the buge fish when the bear came crashing through the brush to find the sturgeon he had scented. Bruin walked straight up to the to beat Seeger. When he comes back he'll fish. But the eagle was not to be scared

> defensive. Big, fat sturgeon do not come ashore along the Columbia so frequently as they prize and it rightfully belonged to the eagles as the original discoverers. The bear paused a moment and then rushed at mate. She came swooping down from the nest and joined forces with her mate in tearing the sturgeon that he paid no attention to the royal birds till they landed like thunderbolts on his neck and rump

The talons of a full-grown eagle are no to be sneezed at even by a bear, and the howl of rage bruin let out showed that he had been both pained and hurt. He reared ing uplifted face. It meant a delay of a the birds, which whirled agilely about him. the neck like a catapult. For ten minutes or so the hear stood up to the "scratch." and when he had scratching enough he began to show signs of wanting to get away. He did not exactly show the white feather, for the eagles had all the white feathers but he began edging off toward the brush which was fifty feet distant.

> As soon as he was on all fours the engles were on him and he would have to get on his haunches to use his paws effectively. The blood was streaming down his face and showed in spots all over his glossy hide, but the great object of the engles oppeared to be to get at bruip's cyes and he seemed to be aware of this and was very anxious to get under the protection of the brush. The eagles were evidently just as anxious to prevent this. When bruin turned his head toward the bushes they would plump down on his head and try to sink their talons in his eyes or to dig them out with their sharp beaks and drum his cars with their strong pinions until the poor bear did not know "where he was at."

All this time Larson was sitting quietly in his boat watching what he says was the most savage and entertaining fight he has ever seen. It was, he judges, nearly half an hour from the time the bear came out of the brush till he was able to drag himself back under its friendly cover, where the eagles could not get at him, and he was the most dilapidated looking bear imaginable. The cagles flew up on a tree and smoothed their ruffied plumage and congratulated each other on the outcom of the struggle. Then, as their eaglets were squawking for more breakfast, they re sumed their work of carving and serving their sturgeon and until it was all used up. which took several days. No animal offered to approach it, in the daytime at least.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges

Awarded first prize, Paris exposition, 1900. BOOMING THE WEST.

Colorado Woman Goes Abroad as Im migration Agent.

Mrs. Eugene H. Grubb of Carbondale. Colo., went cast last week on a somewha peculiar mission. She is going to England France, Germany and Holland, to the latter country mainly for the purpose of aiding her husband in finding three or four hundred families who will come to Colorado settle down in the irrigated sections and build up the sugar beet raising industry. bellef being that the Hol are thoroughly acquainted with the use of ditches for the purpose of keeping water off the farming lands of their own country, will be particularly useful in the use of ditches used for irrigating purposes. Mrs. Grubb's relations will be orincipally with the women and children of Holland, this being the labor largely employed in the sugar beet culture. Mrs. Grubb is accompanied by her hus hand, who has extensive landed interests in Colorado, and who has always been interested in irrigation matters. He beaded the Colorado delegation at the irrigation congress held in Chicago a year ago. He car ried influential letters to the prime minister of Holland, which, it is believed, will further the cause he seeks to advance. The visit to the countries other than Holland will be made for the purpose of buying such prize winners in the way of cattle and horses as exhibited at the last International

HERE ARE A FEW

OF THE

Timely Articles **By Eminent Writers**

that have appeared in The

up on his haunches and clawed savagely at the birds, which whirled agilely about him. One would make a dash at his face and eyes tarmer

during the first six months of 1901.

"What the Government Has Done for the Farmre," SEC RETARY OF AGRICULTURE JAMES WILSON.

"The Advance Made in the Study of Insects," Prof. LAW-**RENCE BRUNER**, State Entomologist of Nebraska.

"Some Leading Features of Kansas Agriculture," F. D. COBURN, Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

"Why Live Stock Men Oppose the Grout Bill," J. W. SPRINGER, President of the National Live Stock Association.

"Arguments in Favor of the Grout Bill," J. B. RUSHTON, Ex-President of the Nebraska Dairymen's Association.

"New Department of Agriculture in Iowa," G. H. VAN HOUTEN, Secretary of the Iowa State Board of Agriculture.

- "Review of the Last Century in Dairying," Prof. D. H. OTIS of the Kansas Experiment Station.
- "Redeeming the Semi-Arid Plains," C. S. HARRISON, President of the Nebraska Park and Forest Association.
- "Pertinent Facts About Seed Corn," N. J. HARRIS, Sec retary of the Iowa Seed Corn Breeders' Assocation.
- "Question of Feeds for the Dairy Farmer," E. A. BUR NETT, Animal Husbandman of the Nebraska Experi ment Station.
- "Proper Care and Treatment of the Soil," R. W. THATCH-ER, Assistant Chemist of the Nebraska Experiment Sta tion.
- "Pistory of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture," Ex-Gov. ROBERT W. FURNAS, Present Secretary and First President of the Board.

pulpit. Side by side they sank on their snees and old Caughey, nervously finger'ng the crepe band on his old-fashioned darb murmured an "Ave." unconscious of its in congruity in this church, where there was neither altars, nor candles, nor sad-eyed Madonnas.

When the simple introductory service was finished Arthur arose, unfolded his manuscript and announced his text. Then he paused and looked almost wistfully into the uplifted faces. By some strange coincidence Mary MacNeal, Bessie Maguire, Lizzie Dugan and old Caughey sat clore together on the right hand aisle. His glance rested, as if hypnotized, on that blur of black, then with shaking hands he turned the first page of his sermon.

It was a dissertation on the resurrection that you were a failure-and I the witness of Lazarus and the people listened wonderof your disg:ace. You are no son of a Maringly to his vivid word pictures of the vin. I have done my best for you, but you scene, his sonorous periods, the inflections will not see the light." of his rich, well trained voice. For twenty

His hand pointed to the doo: And Arminutes he read on, yet each word seemed hur understocd. to strike against a sounding board and Night was settling down on Wym; re come back to him with a mocking, metallic Gap when Lucy tapped at Arthur's doorring." Yes, Arthur Marvin, their Arthur He sat at his window watching the tiny whom they had known and loved as a babe lanterns of the night shift, twinkling ever lad and youth, had come back to them and ever nearer to the yawning holes in knowing many wonderful things, and yetmountain side. His grip, packed with They did not understand, but he did. It his few belongings, lay open on the bed. plercyd his very soul. Their disappoint-Lucy crept softly to his side and her arms ment was pitiful. In some way he had

slipped around his neck. failed them-how they could not say." "Arthur, dear, you're not going? O, he He pached his peroration. What was he will feel differently tomorrow. It is only to tell them? That men no longer needed his family pride that is hurt and you will miracles to convince them of the love and break his heart and mine. Arthur, dearest, tenderness of God? Suddenly before his you will stay, just one more day?" "No, I would be a thorn in his fie h. 1 eyes rose a grayish mist and in the center of it stood out the black-robed group on | tried to make him see this years ago, Lucy. the right hand alale. He faltered, stam- but he was obdurate. He would not lis ea to my side." mered a few words and abruptly folded his "But I-what am I to do without you? manuscript.

The prayer which followed was more lifehave waited so long-three long years. hink-and-I-love you so.' less, more cold, than the sermon. Lucy. Gently he took her hands in his and listening as one frozen in shocked surprise. drew her close.

forgot to bow her head and with wide open eyes watched the face of the young "Just a little longer, Lucy. You must stay here until he understands. I could preacher, now almost harsh in its sternness not rob him of his all, and some day we the lips, but with a great determination She slipped out the door and when father will be together with his consent. Now burning in his eyes, Marvin reached the and son, still erect, still proud, still silent. well, he does not wish you even to se entered the parsonage dining room bouquet of fresh spring flowers graced the

For an instant the girl's spirit r so in table. They seemed almost a mute, gentle rebellion. Then she looked into the caim. prayer for tolerance, for patience, but the clear eyes of the man who loved h r and eyes of the elder man never strayed their vet, for that love, would not break his way. Finally he dropped his fork, his word, and a brave smile came to her lips. napkin slipped to the floor and one strongly veined hand fell upon the tablecloth with The next morning John Seeger, sup r

an almost despairing crash. intendent of the Cross Cut company's The first Marvin in four generations to mines, glanced up from his desk to fact fail! Preachers before you, every one of Arthur Marvin. He had heard of the scene us-father, grandfather and great-grand- at Zion church and he wondered if the father, and you, my only son, fail meyoung fellow was ready to start anew in a) utterly." humbler way, perhaps by asking the privi-

There was no appeal in that voice, lege of holding noon prayer meetings in only harsh, accusing pride. Arthur the works. squared his shoulders and his voice rang "What can I do for you, Mr. Marvin?" he

out more convincingly than from the pulpit. inquired, politely. "It is not my fault, father. If you had "You can give me a job, Mr. Seeger."

spent one-half the money you put into my The superintendent whistled aoftly and heological course on making an engineer leaned back in his chair. Then he surveyed of me I would have been a credit to you. the little form rather superciliously. But now-well, I did my best to please you, "Well, really, Mr. Marvin, I don't believe but the work is not for me nor in me." can accommodate you. Everything in the

His father stepped to the study and reoffices is filled, but if there's a clerkship with a letter bearing the notehead open within a-' of the seminary from which Arthur had "Thank you, but I prefer the mines. If just been graduated. Arthur read it and there's any chance in No. 7. I'd like to be handed it back to his father, his face turn-

with Caughey." ing ashy gray. Superintendent Seeger almost whistled "I will not call Dr. Crawford a spy or an again, then drew himself up stiffly, as beinformer. It was probably his duty, or part comes one of his position when dealing with

of it, to keep you informed as to my movea common miner. ments, but he might have gone further. "I think the matter can be arranged. He might have said that every recitation I Good morning.

missed was made up-that every absence could have been accounted for in the office Arthur Marvin, graduate of the Frances | words. of an expert engineer-that my visits in the Allen seminary, added to the pay roll of Tom Caughey, boss of No. 7. Not only did mines must be flooded. slums were for the purpose of studying the real condition of the lowest and most he work under Caughey, but he boarded at

slavish working classes. As for heretical the boss' simple home, where Mrs. Caughey Seeger disappear. Then he turned swiftly the river bank and the cagles were using it

late wealth. Pastor Marvin swayed and clutched a chair back for support. And this was the son of a preacher whose-"How can I lock to these people for finan-

cial support when I know that every colar they pay into the church is carned at the risk of their lives? I tell you I'd rather invent some means for neutralizing fire-damp, of lessening the chances of ixplosion than to tell these people to accept privation and death as dispensations of

7. and the fans don't seem to carry it off." providence. And there was no other way to convince you that I was not meant for let you see for yourself that I was a failurs down there." Arthur flushed, but his tone was respect--a dead failure! 'And you flaunt it in my face! You boast

ordinary kind. It means-trouble." Seeger whirled round in his chair impatient!:

"Our foremen are supposed to look after these matters, Mr. Marvin, and I believe Standish, our inside man, is perfectly comastent.

Arthur did not mention that Standish had gas. He lowered his voice a triffe.

hours." The superintendent rose, flushing an-

grily. "Permit me to remind you, Marvin, that you asked me for a job in the mines, not

as my adviser .-- ' His next words were lost in a deep, reverberating detonation, which shook the very foundations of the long, narrow office

building. The two men looked each other silently in the face. No need for explanations now. From adjacent rooms peered frightened faces, and the next instant from the distance came the sound of many feet hurry-

ing toward the top of the shaft. White to place even before the startled superintendent. Yes, it was No. 7-and Caughey was down there.

The old heart-rending scenes were reenacted. Arthur had witnessed them before. The anguished faces of women hovering near the shaft and about the car riage, the waiting stretchers, that first awful load of maimed and blackened forms, the instant of herrible uncertainty, then

the cry of cries-"Fire." Caughey and half a dozen of his men were entombed in one of the chambers furthest from the shaft, with the fire creep-

ing slowly toward them. Seeger had been directing the efforts of the rescuers, but now there was more important work at hand. The property of his employers was endangered. It could be saved only by flooding the mines. He had started toward the long-distance tele-

phone booth, when Marvin stepped in his path "Mr. Seeper," he said quietly, "there can't be more than five feet between the

workings of Nos. 7 and 6 and Caughey and the others must be at the far end of the gangway in 7-if they're alive. I know every inch of that ground. A light charge

of dynamite would break the wall. They'd have a fighting chance. At least I could get in and see. Seeger listened impatiently. He was not thinking now of the few imprisoned miners.

but of the result to his company and himself if that fire was not controlled. He So after this fashion was the name of did not realize the brutality of his next

Arthur's eyes were steely as he watched

plunged at once into the object of his call. gone down No. 6 shaft to save the en-"There's a nasty bit of fire-damp in No. tombed men. No one knew just how, nor asked. It was a ray of hope and heartsick "Most miners expect to contend with women joined with willing men in the rush the work than just what I did today-to fire-damp. They don't anticipate a picnic to the head of No. 6, just as a second deeptoned boom fell upon their ears.

> Lucy leaned faintly against Pastor Marvin, who had been passing from group to "This is not an ordinary amount nor an group, praying and administering words of comfort, but who now stood silent and haggard with his eyes straining toward the shaft. Was Arthur alive or had that blast Live Stock show and may be subject to purbeen his deathknell? The silence which followed was the silence of death. From

the top of No. 6 came no sound. Women looked into each other's eyes and hope died down again. A young girl, whose lover was been too intoxicated for three days to dis- with the ill-fated group underground, fell unconscious at Pastor Marvin's feet, but he did not see her

Hark! Yes; the clang of the engineer's bell. Some one was alive and signaling. Men fought for the right to answer the call, but Seeger's hand was first. Up-upslowly-slowly came the carriage. What would it bring to the waiting women-life or death? Now it reached the head of the

shaft and a singed, puffed, but living, face appeared above its rim. What mattered it that several fingers were gone-that the flesh quivered and stung? Here were life and air-and mother. A woman sprang forward with a great cry of joy and knelt beside the bruised form. Seeger was stepping upon the carriage at the head of the

rescuing party when he felt a light pressure on his arm. Luck spoke in low tones. "His father-he wishes to so down. Perhaps Arthur-" Seeger put the other men aside. Pastor

Marvin walked silently on the carriage, of the body. When they begin to spread then Seeger motioned Lucy to follow. and eat into the flesh, sharp, piercing pains are felt as the underlying tissue is Down-down-to that awful uncertainty they dropped. The air was still thick with destroyed and the tender nerves exposed. smoke and dust. After signaling the en-Cancerous sores develop from very triffing gineer above to stop the carriage Seeger causes; a carbuncle or boil, swollen gland led them along the gangway toward the a little watery blister on the tongue of No. 7 workings. They could see dimly the lip, a wart, mole or bruise of some kind great gap in the earth, through which becomes an indolent, festering sore, Arthur and Caughey, the latter bruised and which in time degenerates into cancer. bleeding, but still staunch and strong, were

drawing a limp figure. By the flickering lamps of the rescuing party Arthur's face looked discolored and drawn. He did not see Lucy and she sprang forward with a glad cry. Then she stopped suddenly. After today her love would come first, always-aiways, but this she recognized as the appointed hour for another. She drew back. A tall, erect figure strode through the uncertain light, a trembling hand rested on Arthur's shoulder and a

voice shaken with feeling exclaimed: "Arthur, my son, my son-'greater love hath no man than this,' but I-I did not understand. You must forgive."

TWO EAGLES WHIP A BEAR.

Novel Fight Over the Possession of Piece of Carrion.

A fight to a finish between a pair of eagles and a bear few persons have seen hardly know on which to bet in such a combat, reports the Portland Oregonian.

Hans Larson Cliff this season saw a desperate fight between two fine bald eagles "They'd better drown than burn. The that had their nest not far from his camp and a half-grown bear. The eagles won.

chase. Besides being a woman of affairs. Mrs. Grubb has another distinction. She was he last person to pass out the gate of the World's Columbian exposition the night the 'show" closed. Mrs. Grubb establishes this distinction from the fact that she was escorted out by a guard nearly an hour after the grounds were supposed to have been racated. She was "discovered" in a se cluded nook, where she had fallen into a sleepless reverie while dreaming on the beauties of the scene so soon to be given over to the hand of the destroyer.

> Mrs. Grubb was a Chicagoan for twenty years before moving to Colorado.



"Irrigation and Farming," GEORGE H. MAXWELL, Dxecutivve Chairman of the National Irrigation Association.

"Making Winter Wheat Hardy," T. L. LYON, Assistant Director of Nebraska Experiment Station.

Articles on Soil Culture and Conserving the Moisture in the Semi-Arid West, H. W. CAMBELL

Special Articles each week, JAMES ATKINSON, of the Iowa Experiment Station at Ames.

Letters of Travel-FRANK G. CARPENTER

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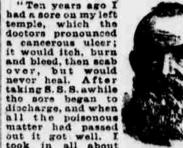
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tinguish between firedamp and illuminating "Mr. Seeger, unless something is done there'll be an explosion within five