

TRIP TO THE SOUTH

Graphically Described by One of the Herald Staff.

PRESS ASSOCIATION JUNKET

Mammoth Cave and Its Wonderful Sights Southern Hospitality—Beautiful Girls. No Love for the Robins.

One cold morning in January, the 14th or thereabouts, a party of Michigan editors, numbering with their wives and daughters about one hundred in all, left Ann Arbor, where they had been attending the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Michigan State Press Association, for a trip to the south. The route traversed was by way of the Michigan Central to Detroit and Toledo, thence by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad to Cincinnati, where the special Pullman sleepers were in readiness to receive the party. The thermometer was at zero when the train crossed the Louisville & Nashville bridge, over the Ohio at Cincinnati, the next morning with the party on board. Passing through the state of Kentucky, intense glances failed to discern anything but snow, when blue grass and flowers were expected. Winter's mantle was wrapped everything, from the low fertile valley to the high hills with jutting rock ledges. There were cabins by the wayside, cabins with the old-time, broad chimney built from the ground up far beyond the roof. About the doors of these homes children played barefooted in the snow.

Clad in a Single Garment unmentionable because of its utter lack of resemblance to any known article of wearing apparel.

Whenever the train stopped at a town the color line was observed. It consisted of no less than five, more often seven or nine, negroes standing in a row against the depot, shivering, half clad, apparently half fed, but still unquestionably gentlemen of leisure. The party stopped at Louisville long enough to partake of an elaborate table d'hote dinner served in honor of the Michigan editors. In the early evening Glasgow Junction was reached, and the special cars were pulled up the grade to Mammoth Cave hotel, for the first objective point was that wonderful subterranean cavern, with its one hundred and fifty miles of underground passages and winding ways. According to previous arrangement supper was served at the hotel. Afterward the party formed in line for an invasion of the cave. Many of the ladies were clad in checked costumes of flannel procured at the hotel. The outfit consisted of a short, full skirt, blouse waist, fur cap to match and trousers of plaid material gathered into a band just below the knee or at the ankle. The route through the cave is long and wearisome and conventional dress seriously hampers the wearer and impedes progress. Each couple is provided with a miner's lamp, an article of usefulness, but without style or aesthetic beauty. It is a sort of rag and grease combination, suspended in a cup by wires which form the handle. A tin disc protects the hand. Thus equipped and under the escort of guides

the ravine which leads to the cave entrance. Bidding adieu to the glorious moonlight which flooded the hills and swept in prismatic beauty over the icy covering of branches, the party passed the portals which divide from all the earth so much that is under the earth. "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here," some one whispered, quoting from Dante, and then a silence fell. It was half-past 2 o'clock in the morning when the party emerged from the cave, and they had seen wonders. The trip was wearisome one not only to the ladies, but to the men, for they were making the steep ascent to the hotel. Even the gentlemen admitted fatigue and all were glad to reach the cars and stow themselves away for the remainder of the night. The entire day following was spent at the cave and many explored its beauties again taking a new route. Some came out with garments torn, some with aching limbs, and some with the grip. When Montgomery was reached early the next morning, there was at least one editor who found himself in the clutches of the grip.

Montgomery, once the capital of the confederacy, greeted her guests from the north with unparalleled hospitality. The state's chief executive, Governor Jones,

spoke words of kindest greeting, and welcomed the party within the walls where the first confederate congress was held, where Jefferson Davis took the oath of office, the old capitol building of Alabama in the gardens at Montgomery and flowers of a rarer, choicer kind bloomed within the walls. Surely it is but a compliment to the garden of roses to be classed with the fair daughters of the south. It was the good fortune of the editorial party to witness a southern ball. The annual hop of the Montgomery True Blues occurred that night at the opera house and we were especially invited to be present. No more beautiful scenes could be imagined. Tall, supple, willowy girls with the grace of a fairy and the carriage of a queen kept time to the music with poetical rhythmic motion. Their costumes were elegant in the extreme, each one being adorned in perfect taste. The crown-like effect achieved by coiling a ribbon in the hair or placing a half wreath of dainty flowers there was simply charming. The ball room was a kaleidoscopic picture of noble manhood and gracious womanhood, and as such will never be forgotten.

For the many kindnesses which were showered upon us at Montgomery, the party is indebted to the Commercial and Industrial Association, an organization of active and brainy young men who are doing much to build up the city. They took us for a carriage ride, and we viewed the home of Jefferson Davis, visited the city hall, state house, public schools and other points of great interest, notably the mansion of the Graves estate, said to have been the finest mansion in the south in former days. When we left Montgomery we felt that we had made a most interesting trip. It is said of Mobile that the city is dead, or at least asleep. How lively the latter. We visited many points of interest in and about the city; the old Spanish prison, the drive around the river, where we saw an old

FIGHTING A TIGER

A Thrilling Adventure in the Jungles of India.

SOME OF THE EXCITING SCENES

Sport Which is Full of Excitement—The Longest Ten Minutes a Gallant Soldier Ever Had.

Capt. Evans invited me to go to his tea plantation up country and stay as long as I liked and by way of allurement he promised me a tiger hunt. "You can have it in any way that suits you," said he, "from a mynah to a battus with elephants, but in the latter case you will have to stand the expense, as my purse won't afford it, and a tidy bit of expense it will be. Just before I came down to Calcutta I heard of a man about fifty miles from my place, and if you say the word we'll try for his hide and the government reward."

"You will be safe enough if you hunt from a mynah," said the captain, "a mode of entertainment that is practiced more by the native princes than by Europeans. They have stands or stone towers (myahans) erected along a valley where a tiger is likely to run when driven out of the jungle. The hunters get into these stands and then send the beaters to drive the game out of its place of concealment. As the tigers run along the valley they are shot and the men who shoot them, or at them, are perfectly safe from attack. I never tried this form of hunting but once and then it was at the invitation of a native prince. I killed a tiger as he was trotting leisurely along the valley and not fifty yards in front of me—killed him at the first shot. When satisfied that he was dead I went out with the attendants to bring him in, and I found that the beast had a collar around his neck with my host's name on it. The police prince had let the tiger loose so that our hunt should not be without result."

The captain was just starting to give an account of a battus with elephants and also of a hunt on foot when his friend the major interrupted him. "Tell us about your last minutes with the tiger in Mysore," said the major. "There's a story of a creature that was very famous in his day."

"Yes, he was," replied the captain. "I tell you a fresh cigar before I tell about him." Suiting the action to the word he proffered, settled back into his chair, was silent for a few moments and then began his narration. "I was serving in the Fusiliers and my detachment had been two or three months in Mysore, the capital of the district of the same name, when word came that there was a manester at work about a hundred miles to the east of the city, supposed to be the same that had been in the southern part of the district for a year or more. I obtained leave to go for him; Thomson asked for leave at the same time and got it, and away we went together. Poor old Thomson! Little did he think it was to be his last hunt."

SHE WAS CONSIDERATE.

How a Girl by Displaying a Little Teeth, Made Friends.

The fact that is born of true kindness is a thing for which its possessor may well be admired and imitated, says Youth's Companion. "I like your friend Grace Hunt a great deal better than I do Ellen Mago," said fourteen-year-old Tom to his sister Fanny at the tea table, one evening. "Why?" asked Fanny in some surprise. "I'm sure Ellen is a good deal brighter than Grace, and prettier, too!" "She may be," assented Tom, doubtfully, "but I don't call her very polite. I told Grace that funny story father read us out of Mr. Black's letter to-day, and she laughed and said it was a splendid story, and that she should remember it and tell it to somebody else. But when I tried to tell it to Ellen Mago, she interrupted me before I'd got half-way through, saying: 'Oh, yes! I remember all about that, now; your sister told me a week ago; it's about that man who—' and she went on and finished the story herself."

"It wasn't polite, of course," admitted Fanny, "but I suppose she didn't think how it would make you feel. And Tom, the fact is, I told the story to Grace, too, at the same time Ellen heard it!" "I don't care anything about that," said Tom, decidedly, "except I like her all the better for it. She didn't make me feel uncomfortable, and as if I was an old newspaper, as Ellen did. I say she's a lady!" "And I agree with you, my son," said his father, "and I'll venture to predict that she's a girl who'll make few enemies and many friends, as long as she lives."

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"The tiger tried to reach me in the tree. He might have done so had not one of his fore legs been shattered by a bullet, probably the last one I fired. There was a great crash across his head, but it was only a skin wound, the thick skull having glanced away the bullet like the side of a gunboat. Then there was a wound across his back, but I could easily see that it was not serious. A tiger will stand a great deal of lead in him, and on the other hand, he is easily killed if you can only touch certain parts."

"He crouched at the foot of the tree when he found he could not reach me, and there he lay growling, lashing his tail from side to side, and every few moments giving a roar that could be heard for a long distance. If I had not lost my rifle I could have settled him very quickly, but to attack him with a knife would have been madness, and my only hope was in the shikary hearing the roar and coming to my aid. I knew none of the other natives would venture in the vicinity, and already the most of them had quite likely taken to their heels and fled to their villages."

"The shikary came as I hoped and expected. As he approached I indicated by signs for him to take Thomson's rifle, which was more effective than his own, and finish the beast. He nodded compliance, took the rifle from the ground where it lay, filled the magazine from the pouch of cartridges on his body, and I held the attention of the tiger by making menacing motions and pretending that I was about to descend to the ground, the hunter crept within twenty yards of the tree and stretched the animal lifeless with a bullet through his heart. Another bullet followed, and also another to make sure work, and then I came to the ground to measure my late antagonist."

"From tip to tip he was eleven feet seven and a half inches in length, the longest tiger by more than twelve inches that I ever secured. It was fully ten minutes from the time I sprang into the tree until the shikary came in sight, and the longest ten minutes I ever had in my life."

THE BROTHER TURNED AND SPANG AT THOMSON. great rock, he had dove-tailed all he cared to of the body of his victim. Poor girl she was to have married that day week; at any rate, that's what the head man at the village told us. "Half a mile further on there was a patch of jungle and the shikary tracked the beast quite near its edge and was satisfied that our game was concealed somewhere in the thicket. Our party was not large enough to surround the jungle, and we went to the neighboring village and obtained as many men as

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YET THE DUALISM OF NATURE

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Last Sunday, March 8, the Rev. Miss F. Tupper delivered to an appreciative congregation the following powerful sermon, which is published upon the request of many who were impressed by its potent logic:

"Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare my way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to the temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold he shall come saith the Lord of Hosts."

"When an age ripens, it ripens in a man or a group of men, and in that man or men is the seed of coming ages. Pascal 242. The devil is not wholly out of modern thought yet. Few people believe in him, horns, body and all, but very few of us, if any, have him entirely out of our minds. The dualism of nature—the idea from which the devil sprang, is still thoroughly mingled in the woof and web of our general notions. A good spirit does not seem to satisfy us; we have to think of a bad spirit, of gross matter in order to throw this idea of good into proper relief. We reject the idea of total depravity, and talk easily of the Divinity of Human Nature, but still continue to have a rather general contempt for it after all; but even after we have come to believe pretty thoroughly in human nature, we still feel that there is a separation between human nature and the soul of nature. We have not come to the point where we live in the divinity of nature, yet this of course we must reach, unless we own ourselves mistaken in our belief in the one universal god."

We show this dualism in many ways, and especially in our distrust of the theories that tend to show that man is directly related to all other forms of nature's life. Many people who are thoroughly convinced that Darwin was right in his theory as to the way in which all the species of the lower animals have originated, are inclined to revolt at the thought that man comes in, too, under the same law; they feel that the Divinity is somehow lost out of him, if man must own direct kinship with the lower orders, and so they claim that a special interference was required when man came upon the earth; that the creative life must have interposed in him an entirely new element, radically different from anything that had existed before. So, too, as regards

The Origin of Conscience To many people, it seems to overthrow all reason for believing in moral obligation, to show that our sense of right and wrong has been derived from electrical currents already been found in nature; it seems as if there could be no divine authority in the sense of "ought" unless it came into the soul of man by miraculously direct revelation. It is often a serious moral crisis when a thoughtful person becomes convinced that ethics have been developed under the same laws of natural sequence that reign throughout all nature. At first it seems to be handing all that is sacred in life over to the custody of Satan or materialism, and the new inspiration only comes when one discovers that there are no barriers in nature; that if there be no Satan, there is no reigning power of evil, and that if God really has power everywhere and in all his laws, that it does not matter by what voice the Eternal has spoken, we will believe the law of duty that has been forced upon the experience of animals, and man, as being quite as Divine as if spoken in audible tones from Mt. Sinai. In fact, as more Divine. When the law of God has been written with a finger on tables of stone, the stones may fall, and the law shattered. On the other hand if the commandments of the Lord have been learned by

Centuries of Struggle And stumbling, but have always grown more and more clear to man's mind, then we may surely feel that they rest not on the caprice of a deity's fiat, but upon the eternal, unchanging will of an ever-living God. In the same way a remnant of the supernatural makes us feel that all great souls—and their experience—are special providences, more or less miraculous interferences with human lives; the new experience would make us see that every experience is woven into the whole as vitally important to it all, and that the Infinite Life works in one, no more than in all. Some lives and some epochs embody apparently the working of the divine law, but it is always present in equal force, even in the obscure and dark corners of history and human life. Conversations are regarded as supernatural, quite as much by many people, as if they had no belief in an ever-present God."

In this week's Christian Union there is a story of a remarkable transformation in character. It is the life of Michael Dunn, whose funeral occurred in Brooklyn a fortnight since. This man had been a criminal, or at least in prison during thirty-five years of his life. He had been behind the bars in almost every country in the civilized world. His parents had been vicious; he had had no training in either home, school or church, and only learned his alphabet when 25 years of age while in jail. He had been in jail five times before he was 12 years old, and later had the most varied experience in

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But Jerry's prophecy came true, and for these later years the old jail bird has been a saint, whose consecrated life might well shame many a cultivated Christian child of an earnest home and many prayers. He established industrial homes in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and was the means of giving hundreds of discharged prisoners a chance to be honest and happy too. Commencing on this, Lyman Abbott says: "What has prophesy to say to the story of this conversion; Chris-

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After knowing the fine inheritance of honorable, helpful life that Michael Dunn gained, in spite of all the bitter experience that had come to him, we ought to go on to the streets tomorrow with new courage. We ought to see in all the droop of society, new possibilities; that Michael Dunn should be able to open his nature to the sun light which streamed from the loving heart of a human brother who wished to help him, shows us that there is more health and living strength in every soul than we are apt to think. He did do so.

Like a Flower Betwixt the Frost. Trying to grow in a dark, cold and noisome cellar, but as soon as the warmth and light of loving kindness touched him, his nature grew and blossomed into the real divinity that had been lying dormant. It was, indeed, "the presence and power of the love of God," but in the same way, and by the same law that the divine love always triumphs in human love, and is always struggling to find expression, and that love is a part of natural psychology because Christian psychology is a part of the one all pervading, natural law, in every part of which God is. This tendency to take everything that we hold sacred out of the realm of natural law and human agency, and place it under a law of its own amid supernatural forces, is especially marked in the way in which Jesus has been regarded. Christian apologists have seemed to think it necessary to show how unnatural the coming of Jesus was; they have drawn the character in the light by virtue of the intensely dark background against which He is pictured. They have tried to show

How Christy the World Was 1900 years ago; how completely the Jews were given over to formalism, the Greeks to sensuality, India to superstition, Rome to a lust for power. They find no light breaking anywhere; no tendency that could possibly have led to such a life as his, unless by miracle. They felt that Jesus came not as a savior in a morning already far advanced, but rather as a mystic astronomer, heralding a night of perfect darkness, a new aspect for that radiant vision in Nazareth. They feel that Jesus is honored and the world blessed through him only as he is taken out of nature and placed under a unique law. They think that he will be lost to religious needs if we could believe that any man had ever approached him in moral grandeur, or even could reach his height. To such thinkers, and they number almost all Christians, Christianity is belittled by anything that shows that the truth of Christianity had been taught by other faiths, or had resulted from any other stream of influence. What a vast amount of time has been wasted; how much ill-feeling has been engendered in trying to decide just which religion might claim the first.

Expression of the Golden Rule. We seem to feel that it should be unquestionably decided, and some copyright of ownership admitted; then how Christians have resented the claim of the Jew, that Hillel had anticipated Jesus in teaching the law of love and universal brotherhood. Yet why? Human history has taught it political and local changes. Voltaire has been written also to show that Seneca, the stoic, was influenced by the teachings of Jesus. It evidently has seemed profane to many to think of so good a man teaching such high doctrine in any other way, than as a disciple of Jesus.

An so, in every way, men have tried to take Jesus out of all relation to the rest of the world and place him on an artificial pedestal, so that no live currents could unite him with the rest of humanity. They do not ask, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" but can there be any good that did come from Nazareth? He is regarded as the incarnation of God because so entirely unrelated, as they try to show, to the laws of nature. If they could reach his fall, for a life unrelated to nature, must be unrelated to nature's God. If Jesus came, unrelated to general human progress; if his life was as a chap of thunder out of a clear sky, then what assurance have we that his life has an eternal meaning? If nature did not prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight his path; if voices in all the wildernesses did not cry, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," then we may well doubt whether the glad tidings really came to establish an everlasting kingdom. If his life were not a fruit on a tree whose roots

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Talk About Miracles. In order to account for such a blessed fact as the beautiful change in a human soul? It is not a remnant of the notion that God was in but a very small part of his universe, and that the experience could not be divine or inspiring unless we take it out of the natural? But it seems to me that in making it something supernatural, we rob ourselves of the clearness that might be to us. If Christian psychology is not part and parcel of natural psychology, then there is little hope, and no real encouragement in such an illustration of the power of the Divine in human nature."

After knowing the fine inheritance of honorable, helpful life that Michael Dunn gained, in spite of all the bitter experience that had come to him, we ought to go on to the streets tomorrow with new courage. We ought to see in all the droop of society, new possibilities; that Michael Dunn should be able to open his nature to the sun light which streamed from the loving heart of a human brother who wished to help him, shows us that there is more health and living strength in every soul than we are apt to think. He did do so.

Like a Flower Betwixt the Frost. Trying to grow in a dark, cold and noisome cellar, but as soon as the warmth and light of loving kindness touched him, his nature grew and blossomed into the real divinity that had been lying dormant. It was, indeed, "the presence and power of the love of God," but in the same way, and by the same law that the divine love always triumphs in human love, and is always struggling to find expression, and that love is a part of natural psychology because Christian psychology is a part of the one all pervading, natural law, in every part of which God is. This tendency to take everything that we hold sacred out of the realm of natural law and human agency, and place it under a law of its own amid supernatural forces, is especially marked in the way in which Jesus has been regarded. Christian apologists have seemed to think it necessary to show how unnatural the coming of Jesus was; they have drawn the character in the light by virtue of the intensely dark background against which He is pictured. They have tried to show

How Christy the World Was 1900 years ago; how completely the Jews were given over to formalism, the Greeks to sensuality, India to superstition, Rome to a lust for power. They find no light breaking anywhere; no tendency that could possibly have led to such a life as his, unless by miracle. They felt that Jesus came not as a savior in a morning already far advanced, but rather as a mystic astronomer, heralding a night of perfect darkness, a new aspect for that radiant vision in Nazareth. They feel that Jesus is honored and the world blessed through him only as he is taken out of nature and placed under a unique law. They think that he will be lost to religious needs if we could believe that any man had ever approached him in moral grandeur, or even could reach his height. To such thinkers, and they number almost all Christians, Christianity is belittled by anything that shows that the truth of Christianity had been taught by other faiths, or had resulted from any other stream of influence. What a vast amount of time has been wasted; how much ill-feeling has been engendered in trying to decide just which religion might claim the first.

Expression of the Golden Rule. We seem to feel that it should be unquestionably decided, and some copyright of ownership admitted; then how Christians have resented the claim of the Jew, that Hillel had anticipated Jesus in teaching the law of love and universal brotherhood. Yet why? Human history has taught it political and local changes. Voltaire has been written also to show that Seneca, the stoic, was influenced by the teachings of Jesus. It evidently has seemed profane to many to think of so good a man teaching such high doctrine in any other way, than as a disciple of Jesus.

FEW OF US BELIEVE

In the Old Idea of the Devil, Horns, Body and All.

YET THE DUALISM OF NATURE

Is Still Thoroughly Mingled in the Web and Woof of Our Notions. Progress of Development.

Last Sunday, March 8, the Rev. Miss F. Tupper delivered to an appreciative congregation the following powerful sermon, which is published upon the request of many who were impressed by its potent logic:

"Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare my way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to the temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold he shall come saith the Lord of Hosts."

"When an age ripens, it ripens in a man or a group of men, and in that man or men is the seed of coming ages. Pascal 242. The devil is not wholly out of modern thought yet. Few people believe in him, horns, body and all, but very few of us, if any, have him entirely out of our minds. The dualism of nature—the idea from which the devil sprang, is still thoroughly mingled in the woof and web of our general notions. A good spirit does not seem to satisfy us; we have to think of a bad spirit, of gross matter in order to throw this idea of good into proper relief. We reject the idea of total depravity, and talk easily of the Divinity of Human Nature, but still continue to have a rather general contempt for it after all; but even after we have come to believe pretty thoroughly in human nature, we still feel that there is a separation between human nature and the soul of nature. We have not come to the point where we live in the divinity of nature, yet this of course we must reach, unless we own ourselves mistaken in our belief in the one universal god."

We show this dualism in many ways, and especially in our distrust of the theories that tend to show that man is directly related to all other forms of nature's life. Many people who are thoroughly convinced that Darwin was right in his theory as to the way in which all the species of the lower animals have originated, are inclined to revolt at the thought that man comes in, too, under the same law; they feel that the Divinity is somehow lost out of him, if man must own direct kinship with the lower orders, and so they claim that a special interference was required when man came upon the earth; that the creative life must have interposed in him an entirely new element, radically different from anything that had existed before. So, too, as regards

The Origin of Conscience To many people, it seems to overthrow all reason for believing in moral obligation, to show that our sense of right and wrong has been derived from electrical currents already been found in nature; it seems as if there could be no divine authority in the sense of "ought" unless it came into the soul of man by miraculously direct revelation. It is often a serious moral crisis when a thoughtful person becomes convinced that ethics have been developed under the same laws of natural sequence that reign throughout all nature. At first it seems to be handing all that is sacred in life over to the custody of Satan or materialism, and the new inspiration only comes when one discovers that there are no barriers in nature; that if there be no Satan, there is no reigning power of evil, and that if God really has power everywhere and in all his laws, that it does not matter by what voice the Eternal has spoken, we will believe the law of duty that has been forced upon the experience of animals, and man, as being quite as Divine as if spoken in audible tones from Mt. Sinai. In fact, as more Divine. When the law of God has been written with a finger on tables of stone, the stones may fall, and the law shattered. On the other hand if the commandments of the Lord have been learned by

Centuries of Struggle And stumbling, but have always grown more and more clear to man's mind, then we may surely feel that they rest not on the caprice of a deity's fiat, but upon the eternal, unchanging will of an ever-living God. In the same way a remnant of the supernatural makes us feel that all great souls—and their experience—are special providences, more or less miraculous interferences with human lives; the new experience would make us see that every experience is woven into the whole as vitally important to it all, and that the Infinite Life works in one, no more than in all. Some lives and some epochs embody apparently the working of the divine law, but it is always present in equal force, even in the obscure and dark corners of history and human life.